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AT NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

How sweet when Night its mantle folds
Around the wearied brain,
And closely to its bosom holds,
Beyond our loss or gain,
The wearied form, the aching head,
And comforts all our pain.

I know that in the daylight's glare
The labor must be done,
And man must work, and man must bear,
Until the set of sun;
But in the dusky twilight air
The work its course hath run.

How gladly doth its healing balm
Come to the wearied eyes,
And fold the heart within the calm
That falls from darkened skies,
Till, from the soul, a chastened psalm
Of restfulness must rise.

s shades along the fading wall
And on the landscape creep,
And softly soothing fingers fall
On eyes that wake to weep,
And closely hover over all
Forgetfulness and sleep.

t gently darkens o'er the light
And makes the spirit blest,
And, shrouding labor from the sight,
It folds us to its breast.
wonder whether Death or Night
Can bring the sweetest rest?

LILY MELVILLE,
OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER XXI.

He who makes too certain of his game
May sometimes hold the losing cards;
True confidence is never forward.

The Towers, as Sir Ralph had said, was a grand place, and Mr. Clifford had an opportunity to admire it in silence.

A couple of grooms sprang forward to seize the horses, another stood ready to help Sir Ralph alight, and a footman was ready at the door to waft them in with his magnificence.

Lady Besant was in the drawing-room, and there the gentlemen sought her. Her ladyship was the widow of a city knight when Mr. Besant married her—was as insipid as her son, but like him with one characteristic; he thought, dreamt of and lived for fox-hunting; she thought, dreamt of and lived to talk of the late lamented Sir Ferrers, of whom she had a far higher opinion than of her last husband. Sir Alderman Ferrers was always brought upon the board and made to posture, dance and exhibit until her hearers were bored to death, and dreaded the name of alderman as they would dread the evil one.

"Here's the room—just had it fitted up," said Mr. Besant, entering a large room, splendidly decorated and arranged as a billiard-saloon.

"Very fine, indeed, Harry," said Sir Ralph.

"Well, come, we must tempt you over to the Towers, Sir Ralph. Good table, eh? Do you play, Mr.—Mr. Clifford?—can't remember your name, for the life of me."

"No," said the tutor, "I regret to say I cannot."

"Ah, that's a pity; it's a fine game. Hullo," stamping to the window, "here's Miss Melville; thought I heard a horse's trot."

Sir Ralph looked out and waved his hand with a sudden sunlight gleam upon his hard face.

"Has heard we were here, and come on," he said, "no doubt."

"The more the merrier," said Mr. Besant, with a slightly heightened color. "We'll go down, eh? Hullo! they're coming up," he added, looking over the balustrade.

"You will see your new billiard-room, Mr. Besant," said Lillian's clear voice.

"All right, Sir Ralph's here," said Mr. Besant.

He did not add "Mr. Clifford," and Lillian started slightly, with an imperceptible frown, as her eyes fell upon that gentleman standing beside the table.

"I was coming across the ten-acre and heard that you had gone up to the Towers, so I made up my mind suddenly to come to you."

"On the flash of the moment, as the poor Alderman would have said," murmured Lady Besant.

"And what do you think of the room, my dear?"

"It is beautiful," said Lillian. "What a nice table! and what are those things?" pointing to a pair of boxing-gloves that were hung under a pair of foils upon the wall.

"Boxing-gloves, Miss Melville," said Mr. Besant, with a grin, taking them down. "Boxing is all the fashion now. And these," taking down the foils, "are for fencing."

Then, as she examined the slight steel blades, he turned to the silent tutor, and hoping to make him ridiculous, said:

"Do you fence? It's very easy; only wants a little attention and a quick eye. Take this and try."

And, without waiting for the refusal which he felt certain was coming, he thrust the handle of the foil into Mr. Clifford's hand.

There was a moment's silence. Lillian's eyes sought the ground. Sir Ralph, feeling for the tutor, and disliking, with all a gentleman's hatred of cad-ism, any such impolent treatment of the man who might be considered under his protection, was about to put his veto upon the performance; but, before he could speak, Mr. Besant had caught up the other foil and thrown himself into position.

"So," he said, "stand so."

"Like this," said Mr. Clifford quietly, putting himself also en garde.

"Yes, that's it," said the other, with a grin. "Now look out!"

And he commenced the attack.

But, to the astonishment of all, especially the insolent fox-hunter, the quiet tutor had warded off the sudden attack, and was handling the delicate foil with the utmost dexterity and grace. Nettled by the thwarting of his design to make the "tutor fellow" ridiculous, Mr. Besant redoubled his ardor, and was staggered and thoroughly dumbfounded to find his weapon jerked from his hand and flying with terrific force towards the ceiling.

The silence that followed for the next moment was something extraordinary. Mr. Clifford stooped and recovered the fallen foil.

"You were off your guard, sir," he said quietly, handing it to his astonished opponent.

"Yes, you never told me you understood ——" he muttered.

"You never gave me time," said Mr. Clifford gravely, without the slightest appearance of triumph, and carefully averting his glance from that of Lillian, which he knew was fixed upon his face.

"Well, let us have another bout," said Mr. Besant. But Mr. Clifford had put down his foil.

"Thank you," he said "but ——"

"Oh, come on," said Mr. Besant loudly. "You won't get it so easily this time. I can tell you. I was off my guard—regular taken in. Come along!"

Thus rudely pressed, Mr. Clifford resumed the foil and once more stood the attack. This time Mr. Besant was more careful, but it was evident to Sir Ralph, who knew something of the art, and to Lillian, who could tell by Mr. Clifford's face, that the "tutor fellow" was but playing with his opponent, and in a few minutes Lillian's face—she had been watching with sparkling eyes every movement of the glancing steel—flushed a fierce crimson as the foil was wrested from Mr. Besant's wrist, and the point of the tutor's foil touched his breast. Mr. Clifford dined alone that evening, and Sir Ralph, in his absence, spoke of his fencing exploit with stately satisfaction.

"You would have been surprised, madam," he said, turning to Miss Lucas, who sat listening as quietly as usual—"you would have been surprised at the dexterity with which Mr. Clifford handled his weapon. Really I had not given him credit for so much skill or strength—for it requires strength to wrest a foil from your opponent's hand as he did."

"Indeed, why should you not?" said Miss Lucas, with the air of one seeking information.

"Why?" hesitated Sir Ralph. "Mr. Clifford does not look strong and—ahem—struck me as being somewhat deficient in manly accomplishments."

Lillian looked up quickly; she had been listening, for a wonder, as quietly as Miss Kate herself, with her eyes fixed upon the tablecloth and her hands clasped gracefully upon her lap. Now she spoke with almost too indifferent an air, and her eyes, instead of meeting her father's, looked beyond them thoughtfully.

"You do not know, papa," she said.

"He said he did not ride," said Sir Ralph.

"And that is all he has declared himself ignorant of, and it's only one of many accomplishments. He did not say he could fence, and you see he can. Perhaps he can shoot, swim, walk, play billiards, and drive a tandem with Mr. Besant himself."

Sir Ralph laughed.

"Poor Harry!" he said, "I was sorry for him; but no blame could be laid on Mr. Clifford's shoulders."

"The sword was forced into his hand," said Lillian.

"And would have been beaten out of it again if he had not taken the defensive," concluded Sir Ralph. "Yes, it was very mortifying, but it was Harry's own doing entirely. I fancy he will fight shy of your quiet-looking tutor for the future."

Lillian laughed.

Miss Lucas, who pleaded ignorance of the whole art and mystery of fencing as an excuse, begged for the particulars and got them, this time from Lillian, who told the story of Mr. Besant's discomfiture with her usual calmness and candor.

"Very remarkable," said the expressionless governess, "very," and so finished the subject; that is, for the present—she resumed it again on paper, for, as on the preceding evening, Miss Lucas retired to her correspondence. With the usual privilege we can follow her, creep through the keyhole, and look over her shoulder as she writes. It is a long letter already, for several pages of it lie locked in the desk; this page is numbered ten, and commences thus:

"The young man of whom I have told you in the first part of this letter is here still, and, from all I can see, likely to remain for some time. The Italian lessons are supplemented by those of music and singing, the first of which he gave yesterday. I can almost hear you asking me how he is received and treated, and what effect he will have upon the course of events at Rivershall. Sir Ralph evidently likes him; he treats him with a stately condescension—I had almost written kindness—which he does not extend to me. Not that I would complain; I am well treated and am in the confidence of the heiress of this great place, but you know, better than I can tell you, that were my path one of thorns and misery I would tread it cheerfully in obedience to your command. As for Miss Melville it is difficult to form a conclusion, but, watching every look, gesture and word she expresses in his absence, I take it that there is little chance of a romance resulting from his presence. Sir Ralph is too proud to fear any ill consequences from this rash introduction of a handsome tutor; he trusts in his daughter's inborn pride and dignity to prevent any of the romantic results usually produced by the connection; and, from all I can see, he is justified. The girl is beautiful, but, as I have written, proud. Yesterday I passed the drawing-room soon after the music lesson had concluded, and saw through the slit in the door that she was crying. I learnt from her mutterings that she was reproaching herself for being so free with Mr. Clifford. To-night she told me, without a change of color or countenance, the particulars of the scene in Mr. Besant's billiard-room, which you have already read on a preceding page. From these slight signs, added to her general treatment of him, I gather that there is little chance of her falling in love, as the foolish have it, with anyone whose birth and antecedents seem so misty as Mr. Clifford's. Of him I know little. He is a melancholy young man, and spends most of his time in his own apartments. I promised to obtain for you by some means copies of any letters he might receive, but he has neither written nor received one. No one has paid him a visit, nor has he held any communication with anyone so far as I can learn. If you wish me to watch more closely upon his track, and will point out some mode which I do not as yet perceive, I will follow it and answer you. Mr. Besant's courtship has not progressed; but I am convinced that she will follow her father's wish without a thought of hesitation, and, as I have explained, it is to Sir Ralph's interest that she should become mistress of the Towers estate. This, I think, is all I have to write. If I have omitted any slight thing which you would wish to know, or I should have written, I am not conscious of it. I am here to do your bidding, and I have for no single moment forgotten it. My life is at your disposal, and you can only render it endurable by using it in your service. If for your sake I must, you would vouchsafe me one reward, I would esteem it a fresh instance of your great, immeasurable nobleness. I only ask one line to say that you are alive, in health, and that these reports reach you."

Here came the signature—a firm, steady one, though pale, and the face wore quivering the emotion, and the tears which should have been moistening the paper were drying up into globules of fire behind the eyelids. Truly, if Kate Lucas sinned for her love, she likewise suffered for it.

CHAPTER XXII.

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of humblest friends, bright creature, shorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingking dewdrop from the sun.
WORDSWORTH.

Where love has the will, depend on't
Will find a way. PRIOR.

Amongst the many at Riversh all with whom Mr. Clifford stood as a favorite was an old gardener by the name of Druitt. He had been attached to the house of Riversh all ever since he had drawn breath in it, and had been one of old Lady Melville's domestics at the time of his birth, which event transpired at the same hour as the birth of Sir Ralph.

Sir Ralph always treated old Druitt with gracious cordiality, and never thought of disputing his word, or countermanding any order he had given respecting the ornamental part of the grounds. Sometimes the old Baronet's and the old gardener's will clashed, but the former always gave way, usually with a smile and a "Ha, well, if Mr. Druitt said so, let it be so, let it be so, please," and so it always was. Now, old Jack Druitt had taken a vast fancy to the young tutor in his obstinate, grim, woodenheaded sort of way, and had gone so far out of his usual course, which was to speak well of no man, as to say that "Master Clifford was a gentleman, every inch of him, and a true-hearted un."

As such things usually do travel, the story of Mr. Clifford's triumph at the Towers had reached the servants' hall at Riversh all, and from there to Jack's cottage in the hollow. He had relished the story—highly spiced, no doubt, before it reached him—immensely, and was chuckling over it, fly-rod in hand by the river bank the next morning, when Mr. Clifford came strolling up.

"Good-morning," said the tutor, with his usual cordiality. "Have you had any sport?"

"Aint begun yet," said Jack gruffly. "Can't get this fly on noahow. Getting blind, I be, getting blind, I be."

"Let me see if I can manage it," said Mr. Clifford, and, taking the line out of the old, wrinkled hands, he tied the fly on.

"There you are," he said, "and now I wish you good fortune."

"Thank ye, thank ye," said Jack—he said "sir" to no man, the squire, as he called Sir Ralph, not excepted. "Won't 'ee have a try yoursel'?"

"I don't know how," said the tutor, holding his hands behind him with a smile, and thinking of his book all t'while, as Jack thought.

"Well, I'll show 'ee," said Jack, and threw the line. "That's it; now try yourself."

Mr. Clifford tried with so-so success, and tried again. It was not so easy as it looked, but Jack gave him a hint or two, and after a few minutes' practice he caught the knack.

"Come," said Jack, "I be a clever man, I'se taught the teacher," and he chuckled grimly.

"Ah, anyone can do that, Jack," said Mr. Clifford, smiling. "But this is something learnt—it will be a change from reading. What do you catch?"

"Trout," said Jack sententiously, "if you can."

"Just so," said the tutor; "well, I know you can, and I hope you will this morning," and with his grave, pleasant nod he walked on.

Jack looked after him for a minute and then went to work. But the work was to be interrupted that morning, for presently the sight he loved best in the world came tripping up, and Miss Melville's sweet voice said close to his elbow:

"Fishing again, Jack?"

"Yes, Miss Lily," said the old man, turning to her with the light of devoted love in his eyes. "Yes, Miss Lily, poor, ugly old Jack be a-trying his luck."

She stood behind him on the same spot as the tutor had stood, and looked almost as grave. Jack thought so, and he said so in his plain and privileged way.

"You be growing almost as serious as Master Clifford, Miss Lily; he be a-spoiling of you, that he be, a-fillin' of your sweet head wi' book-nonsense and furrin palaver."

Miss Lily laughed.

"So you think I am looking grave, do you Jack? Well, it's nearly time, isn't it?"

"You be a child, a child!" he retorted. "Talkin' o' time, why, it beaint more than t'other day that I were lookin' at you in the cradle; a sweet pretty babe you was, Miss Lily, as pretty a one as you'd see in ——."

"And so that was Mr. Clifford standing here just now, was it?" said Miss Melville, interrupting what usually threatened to be a long description of his dear little missie at three weeks old.

"I didn't say so," said Jack naively; "but it were him, 'tis true."

"And what was he doing, Jack—fishing?"

"No, trying; and that's a very different thing," and he grinned. "He put on a fly for me; he's allus ready to do anybody a good turn, and I showed 'un how to handle t' rod."

"Oh," said Miss Melville.

"T' poor chap is gettin' addled w' the sight o' book larnin'," continued Jack wisely. "He'll be an old man before t' crows are up if un don't take care. That's what book-larnin' does for everybody. Let him learn to throw a fly, it'll be a change for untake him from them books, maybe."

"Oh," said Miss Melville. "And he is going to learn, is he, Jack?"

Jack shook his head.

"Dunno," he said. "He haint got a rod, for one thing."

"That's your old rod in your hand, there, Jack, is it not?" said Miss Melville, by way of reply.

"Yes," said old Jack, and looked at her inquiringly. "If haint the core o' the house."

"No," said Lilian with a smile, and looking at the water instead of Jack's inquiring eye. "Why did you not offer to lend Mr. Clifford your rod, Jack?"

"Eh?" said Jack, stopping half-way in a throw and looking at her with all his eyes. "Oh, I see, I see; why didn't I lend un the rod, why didn't I lend un ——"

"Yes; I suppose, Jack, you thought you would bring the best rod up to the house and leave it for him, with Mr. Druitt's compliments, did you not?"

"Yes, yes," said Jack, who was not so dull as he looked. "Yes, that be it, with Mr. Druitt's compliments, and hopes Mr. Clifford won't be too proud to accept a small token of—of ——"

"Kindness," supplied Miss Lily, who had grown rather crimson, and was more intent upon the water than before.

"Yes, yes," repeated Jack slowly, "kindness. Yes, I'll do it. Miss Lily, to-night, and am much obliged to you."

Miss Lily turned upon him rather sharply.

"Jack, you won't tell him that I suggested ——" She paused in dismay. Jack chuckled.

"Don't you be afraid, Miss Lily; I beant so chuckle-headed as I looks—you go along with you—with Mr. Druitt's compliments," and he laughed with enjoyment.

Miss Lilian smiled and took out a dainty purse.

"And, Jack, as this one is old and likely to be worn out soon, give me make you a present of a new one," and slipped a sovereign into his hand.

Before he could get his "thanks" out she had gone.

Jack dropped the sovereign into his pocket with a puzzled look, then suddenly broke into a grim chuckle and muttered:

"O' course, o' course, it's Mr. Druitt's compliments, but it's her present none t' less. He! he! Mr. Druitt's compliments! He! he!"

So it came to pass that Miss Melville, walking along the bank next morning, found Mr. Clifford fishing for trout, and stopped with a look of surprise.

"Good-morning, Mr. Clifford. Have you found a new amusement?"

"Yes, Miss Melville," he replied, with a little less gravity. "Thanks to one of your gardeners, Mr. Druitt, who taught me, threw a fly yesterday, and last night sent me this rod as a present. I can't think what possessed him, but I am more grateful than I can say," and a slight flush came over his face as he turned his head away.

"Indeed!" she said. "Poor old Jack is very grateful on the score, for any little kindness. I expect you have won his heart in some way."

He shook his head.

"No," he said simply; "I am unconscious of anything of the sort; it is a piece of spontaneous good nature, for which he will not let me thank him."

"Jack dislikes thanks, I know," said the beautiful girl, with a good-morning as grave as the tutor's, she walked on.

That afternoon Mr. Clifford had a hard time of it with his imperious and changeable pupil. She would neither play correctly nor sing as he wished her, and scarcely allowed him to speak for overbearing interruption.

Another man, with more years and greater experience in the art of keeping temper, might have been excused for losing patience and growing irritable, but Mr. Clifford remained as patient and as quietly impassable as ever. He bore the beautiful girl's open scorn for his correction with impenetrable serenity, and was only a little more grave than usual. Once he showed some signs of irritation, but only for a moment; it was produced by Lilian's obstinate determination in giving the wrong expression to a musical phrase which he had explained to her three distinct times. On the fourth repetition of the mistake he said, with a sudden flush:

"Miss Melville, is that mistake intentional?"

"Sir!" she exclaimed in her low, proud voice, turning from the score and regarding him with a look of haughty surprise.

He met her gaze unflinchingly, and with a sorrowful look in his dark eyes that nearly conquered her.

"Pardon me," he said with deep gravity. "I was hasty. I could not have explained the passage clearly. Will you allow me to play it over for you?"

"No, I am tired," said the willful girl—"very tired; I shall play no more to-day, thank you."

Mr. Clifford bowed, closed the piano, and left the room.

Lillian looked after him with triumphant eyes.

"We are quits now," she murmured. "Yesterday the day went with you, Mr. Clifford; to-day I come off the conqueror."

But she had only very little of the triumphant air of a conqueror, for the next moment her face grew pensive, and, sinking into a chair, she murmured:

"How he must despise me! He is so grave, so grandly patient. I stung him for the moment, but only as a tiresome wasp stings a lion or a huge Newfoundland. He was stung, though—and—and I was stung yesterday."

"I wonder," she resumed with a sudden flush, "what papa would say if he could know my thoughts. Oh, dear me, I think I'll go and find Kate."

And she left the room to escape from the train of thought which, try as she would, invariably led back to her strange tutor.

The silent governess was not to be found about the grounds, and Lilian ran lightly up the stairs to seek her in her own room. The thick Turkey carpet and her light, dainty slippers rendered her approach noiseless, and she had reached the corridor and caught sight of Mr. Clifford without his seeing her. He was pacing up and down, as was his wont, his head upon his breast and his white, shapely hands clasped behind him. As he was walking towards the entrance to the gallery, Lilian thought she would wait until he had turned, and stepped aside into the shadow of one of the figures in armor.

The tutor paced on, turned, and then stopped opposite her ancestress, Lady Anne. A stream of light from one of the stained windows fell upon his face, and Lilian started at the expression of deep anguish upon it. She almost fancied that there were tears in the dark eyes, but thrust the fancy from her, assuring herself that she was mistaken. But the next moment the fancy grew into certainty, for Mr. Clifford raised his hand and dashed the tears away, muttering, with an impatience which she had thought him incapable of:

"Weak, weak! I am like a child. What could bridge the gulf between infamy and purity, crime and innocence, base birth and high descent? Oh, weak, weak!" and with an impatient shake of the head he resumed his walk.

Lilian's heart beat fast. She had caught only a word here and there, and it bore no meaning to her. But she could see that the tutor she had been torturing with every species of womanly torture was in distress and pain, and her heart reproached her. Moved by a sudden impulse, which she found herself powerless to control, she came from behind the figure, and, slipping up softly, said:

"Mr. Clifford, I have come to ask your pardon."

He turned suddenly at the sound of her low, tremulous voice, and, seeing a pale face, upon which the inward struggle for his usual grave composure proclaimed itself.

"Miss Melville!" he said in a strained voice.

"Yes," said Lilian hurriedly, rendered embarrassed by the signs of his embarrassment, but determined to make reparation—"I have tried your temper and your patience. I made myself insufferable and hateful downstairs. Will you forgive me?" and she held out her hand.

He looked at her with mingled surprise, distress and uneasiness.

"Forgive me, Miss Melville; but—but this is not as it should be. Sir Ralph ——"

She interrupted him with a gesture at once proud and petulant.

"I see," she said; "you can bear, but not forgive." His face softened and flushed for a moment, but his voice was clear, though low, as he answered:

"I can and do both; but you forget, Miss Melville, that I am paid to do so."

She flushed a bright crimson, and turned half away.

"You will not forgive me?" she said.

She dropped her hand to her side again.

"I have nothing to forgive," he said; then, glancing at the hand which he had refused, he added significantly: "Could I dare to ask your forgiveness if I took advantage of a generous impulse?"

She turned again proudly, but with the flush still.

"It is no crime to offer you my hand, Mr. Clifford," she said.

"But a presumption on my part to accept it," he said, with a touch of sadness mingling with his grave dignity.

She turned her head.

"I understand," she said. "I need not have feared any ill effects of my bad temper; your pride soon would have counteracted them."

He made a gesture with his hand.

"You are right," he said. "I am proud, Miss Melville."

"Too proud, sir," she said; and, with a little of the same vice or virtue, whichever it be, in her look and bearing, she swept down the corridor and passed from his sight.

Lady Anne had looked down upon the pair from her gilt frame with stony eyes, and so likewise had Miss Lucas from her slightly opened door, with eyes very little less stony than her dead-and-gone ladyship.

That night Sir Ralph entered the drawing-room with a note in his hand.

"My dear," he said to Lilian, "here is a surprise for you; can you guess?"

She thought a moment, then shook her head.

"N—o," she said, "unless it is some new present from dear papa."

"No," laughed Sir Ralph, seating himself beside her. "Not this time. It is an invitation from Lady Besant for you and me to spend a fortnight at the Towers."

Lilian opened her eyes, and did not look too delighted.

"They are to have a house full of people, and press us so warmly that I do not think we can refuse."

Lilian read the note, written in Lady Besant's most gushing style, and looked up at Sir Ralph interrogatively.

"And will you go, papa?"

"Well, that is for you to say, my dear."

"A fortnight," said Lilian. "I am getting on so nicely with my Italian, papa; do you think ——"

"You want a change, my dear," said Sir Ralph affectionately. "You are studying too much. You look paler, I think, and thinner—no, don't laugh. Miss Lucas thinks so too."

"Oh, Kate always thinks I am looking pale or thin or delicate," said Lilian lightly.

"You want a change," said Sir Ralph. "And I think we will say yes, Lily. Miss Lucas will accompany us," he added, "and Mr. Clifford"—Lilian looked up carelessly—"will be glad of a holiday, no doubt. I think he is scarcely looking so well as when he came to Riversh all."

"You think not?" said Lilian.

"Yes," said Sir Ralph with a loving smile. "I am afraid, you try him, my child, with your willfulness."

Lilian flushed, and turned her head away with a pout.

"I shall propose that he use his freedom in taking a trip—a walking-trip if he likes—round the country," said Sir Ralph. "And—ahem—I shall offer to pay his expenses." Lilian looked around again quickly. Sir Ralph, in answer to her look, added: "You know, Lillian, he is a strange young man, and refused absolutely, but with all respect, I must add, to accept an addition to his salary for teaching you music."

"Did he, papa?" said Lilian in a low voice. "He is very proud."

Sir Ralph looked surprised.

"He has proper pride, my dear," he said with stately approval. "I think him a well-mannered, discreet young person."

Lilian inclined her head.

"Do you think he will accept your offer, papa?" she asked.

"Why should he not?" said Sir Ralph. "I will, at least, try him. He can do as he likes, of course."

"Of course," said Lilian; and as if anxious to change the subject: "Then it is decided that we go to the Towers, papa? Do you know who the visitors are to be?"

"No." said Sir Ralph. "Lord Harcourt is one, Miss Dalton, a cousin of Lady Besant, is another, and I think Mr. Claude Ainsley; the rest I have forgotten—Harry mentioned them."

Lillian nodded.

"Very well, papa; I shall be sure to enjoy myself if you are with me. I'll go and tell Kate."

Sir Ralph made his proposal and offer, and after a moment's hesitation Mr. Clifford, with gratitude, accepted them. The Italian and music-lesson went on until the day of Lillian's departure for the Towers, and on that morning Mr. Clifford started for his walking-tour.

She happened to be in the hall as he passed through it with his knapsack on his shoulder. She stopped with her hand on the handle of the dining-room door, and said with a smile:

"So you are starting, Mr. Clifford?"

"Yes," he said; "I am starting, Miss Melville."

"I hope you will have fine weather," she said, still lingering, looking very beautiful in her white morning-robe and youthful freshness.

He bowed.

"Thank you," he said. "May I wish you every enjoyment in return?"

"Thank you," she said. "I am afraid I shall forget all my Italian, and you will have harder work when you return."

"I hope not," he answered. "But I shall not shrink or complain."

"No, I am sure of that," she said, and with a smile entered the room.

He lingered a moment to see the last of her white dress, and, putting on his hat, strode down the steps, little thinking that the coming fortnight would weave another thread in the tangled woof of their lives.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"LILY MELVILLE."—As Clifford was walking towards the entrance of the gallery, Lilian thought she would wait until he had turned, and stepped aside into the shadow of one of the figures in armor. The tutor paced on, turned, and then stopped opposite the portrait of Lady Anne.

CALIBAN,
OR THE FRUITS OF VENGEANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

"Caliban."

"A strange name for a human being, even if a missing link negro."

"Yes; and I fancy he knows nothing of the significance of it. Yet it is strikingly appropriate. Suppose we speak to him."

"To that deformed wretch!" and Heloise Burdette drew the skirts of her costly dress more closely about her, and shrank back with a visible shudder and loathing.

"You forget, Heloise," replied May Vincent, with her blue eyes misty from pity, and her sweet face plainly revealing the charity of her true womanly soul, "that a kind word and look are far more to such a one than to us, who have never been called upon to suffer."

"He feel!" with a burst of light laughter, a scornful curling of the lip and flashing of eyes as black as night. "He feel? Such a thing feel? As well might you talk of a brute being so."

"You are mistaken, Heloise, and I shall speak to him. I always do so, and sympathy costs nothing."

"Pshaw! But you can spare yourself the trouble of a lecture. It would only be a waste of words," and the proud beauty turned away and plucked a cluster of orange-blossoms, the glory of the land of everlasting Summer, from a vine.

May Vincent looked at her for a moment, but more in sorrow than in anger. Then she stepped towards the subject of discussion, who was toiling along under a heavy load, and said, in tones that fell upon his ears as the sweet whispering of angels:

"Here, let me help you, Caliban?"

"I'se dun tired out totin dese ar fish, Miss May," he replied, dropping his basket and looking up at her with kindling eyes. "Dey's mighty heaby fer de ole man, dough he used ter toss sich things from han to han, same as dem leetle boys do dar ball."

"Yes; I remember when I was a child seeing you making light of immense loads. It was when you were connected with the circus."

"Does yer remember dat, honey?" and the massive features of the negro lighted up with a strange pleasure as he continued: "Dar wasn't anyone could beat me den toasin' de big iron balls and little fer big cannon, and throwin' de fifty-sixes over my head wid my teef. But," and the eyes drooped, and expression became painful—"but dah's dun gone long ago, and I haint ob no use now but to tote de fish and de wood."

"Was it in the circus you got the name of Caliban?"

"Jess dar, Miss May. Yer oughter to be called June from de roses in yer cheeks. Yes, jess dar. De boss gib it ter me, but I dun know what fer. He said it war some man in de playbook—I disremember what—and dat I war mighty like him."

May Vincent thought of the son of Sycorax, the "freckled whelp, hag-born," and the very refinement of cruelty in giving him the name. But, reflecting that he could suffer nothing from it for want of knowledge, she answered:

"The name is from one of Shakespeare's plays—'The Tempest.' But you have never told me how you became thus hopelessly injured."

The negro sat down beside his load, drew up his knees, clasped them with his hands, rested his chin upon them, and looked at her inquisitively before answering.

Crippled as he was, there were still marks of immense strength. His form had been that of a giant—it was crushed to the semblance of a dwarf, with the breast protruding and the back a huge, unsightly hunch. His neck was massive and corded, as that of an ox. His hands and feet were out of all proportion. His head was large, round, and covered with a thick mass of tightly curling, grizzled hair. His jaws were almost those of a beast, his mouth immense, and armed with teeth that resembled those of carnivora, rather than a man. In fact, had a living Caliban been sought, he would have filled the character without the slightest aid from art.

"I'se dun goin' ter told yer, Miss May," he replied. "It war when I was in de circus, trowin' up de cannon balls and holdin' de cannon on my shoulder and lettin' dem fall it off, and all dat nonsense. Wal, one day dey war lowerin' a great big weight, and de rope broke and down it came, bust me on my breast, and crushed the bones as if dey had been all eggshells, and I haint bin ob no use since. But I haint lost all my strength yet," and he ground his teeth together as a crippled bear, and savagely snarled out: "Who am dat?" pointing to Heloise Burdette.

"A young lady friend who is visiting me. She never saw you before, and was frightened."

"Jess so. She thinks I haint no account—nothin' but a great brac beast, and the pupils of his eyes seemed to contract, and the unusually large iris to change to blood-red. But without adding a single word he took up his basket and toiled on.

"I fear," said May as she regained the side of her companion, "that the poor negro overheard what you said, and his feelings were wounded. He is very uncommonly sensitive."

"May," was answered, "how can you waste even a thought upon such a wretch? I never saw a more villainous-looking object in all my life. And as to his feelings being hurt, I don't believe he has any beyond that pain common to all brutes."

"I know to the contrary. He was once as straight as you are, and a giant in strength—a perfect Hercules—and now most intensely feels his situation."

"Just as much as the horse that has won many races does when broken down and drawing a cart," mockingly laughed Heloise. "But here is something more worthy of attention," and she coquettishly waved her fan at a couple of gallants who were drawing near, and even made merry with them over the figure and face of the deformed giant.

With her their meeting was but a ripple upon the surface—the shadow of a passing cloud that was soon forgotten. Not so with the negro. All the wrath of his race had been crushed out by the accident that left him a wreck. He had been overproud of his stature and strength, and from the hour the blow fell his nature had changed—laughter had died from his lips, and he had become sullen and revengeful. To this his manner of life contributed. He lived alone upon the banks of a little stream, a tributary of the St. John's River, in a wilderness of tangled thicket, and gained a precarious livelihood by fishing, rarely seeing anyone except upon his visits to town, and, if report spoke the truth, made companions of alligators and venomous serpents, rather than mankind.

To his little cabin of logs he retreated with the utmost speed after his interview with May Vincent. While her kindness and sympathy had been very sweet to him, yet the words of Heloise Burdette he had overheard were as gall and wormwood. He brooded over them with revenge in his heart, with eyes flashing baleful fires, and champing his teeth wolf-like. And his was a nature never to forget or forgive; and even should years pass before she again crossed his path, the very first sight of her face or sound of her voice would rekindle the fire in all its pristine fury.

But fate decreed a very little time should pass before the shaft shot by irony and disgust should be driven more deeply. While tending his lines in the early evening of one of the glorious nights in the "Land of Flowers," he heard the plash of oars, the music of sweet voices singing a love-song, and the pealing of merry laughter. Such things were not uncommon; but his ear, trained to analyze every disturbance of nature, told him as certainly as his eyesight could have done who—at least some, who were in the boat. And, crouching still lower in the rushes that fringed the bank, he lay like a beast in its lair watching for its prey.

"Ah!" said the voice of Heloise Burdette, as they drew nearer, and every word became distinct—"ah! that den must be the home of the monster Caliban."

"It is the home of an unfortunate being, and one very much to be pitied. My heart bleeds for him, and I would it were in my power to lighten his burden and make him more comfortable and happy," replied May Vincent.

"Comfortable?" and the laughter that followed jarred upon more ears than one. "How foolishly you talk, May. I've not the least doubt he is comfortable enough and perfectly happy. All that buzzards need is a supply of ——"

"Hush! Heloise, I implore you. He might chance to hear you."

"No fear of that. But if he, did what matter? One does not fear a serpent after its head is bruised."

The negro crouched still lower, and became almost breathless as he listened. Save for the heaving of his chest and the wild and fierce kindling of his eyes, there was no motion. Prone upon his face he lay, and might readily have been passed as a log. Not a sound, not a single word, escaped him. He drank them in as a serpent might poison. They were branded as with a red-hot iron upon his brain, and, should a hundred years pass, not one would be forgotten.

In vain May Vincent endeavored to change the conversation. Heloise went recklessly on.

"Wouldn't it be fun to visit the home of such a monster? It must be a diabolical place."

"Would you not fear to go, Miss Burdette?" questioned one of the young men.

"Not I," with a bravado laugh. "That is, I would have no fear of Caliban; but I must own there might be surroundings that would not be pleasant to face. I have heard it reported that he had very strange companions."

"Then we will postpone the visit. I have no fancy for monstrosities of nature."

The boat was pulled more swiftly along, and the negro left to his musings. And bitter in the extreme were they. Never before had he been stung to the heart, and all the savage eagerness for revenge that had descended to him from his African ancestors struggled within him. For a little time he lay in deep thought. Then he sought his cabin, took down a portion of the carcass of a deer that hung outside from the rafters, carried it to the bank, and, by means of a fishing-line, suspended it from a branch over the stream. Returning, he brought still another portion, crouched again out of sight, placed a torch of "fat lighter" near, and from time to time cut off pieces of the meat and tossed them into the water.

In this strange amusement or occupation an hour passed. The breaking of the surface and now and then a half-exposed form told that something was being fed. But it was unaccountable that one who lived by fishing should so gorge the very things upon which he depended for food as to make them turn away untempted from his hook. Still he continued it, with a will lighting-up of eyes and features and a savage smile of satisfaction as the turmoil in the water increased. And apparently he was absorbed in this. Yet he failed not to hearken and note every other sound, and when again the plashing of oars caught his ears he raised to his feet, peered down the stream, unfastened the string by which the venison was suspended, and held it securely as he once more sank out of sight in the rushes.

The boat came steadily on, but not so clearly given to view as when previously passing, for clouds had obscured the brilliancy of the moon. Yet his eyes saw it plainly, and his giant frame trembled as with the most pleasurable anticipations. He made certain that the string would play freely over the limb—waited until the little craft was nearly abreast of the spot where he was lying, and had a match in readiness to light his torch.

"Here is the hut of the master again," came merrily from the lips of Heloise Burdette. "I presume he is sleeping soundly, and having gnomes and satyrs for attendants in place of angels."

"Hush! Heloise!" pleaded May Vincent.

"I believe you are in love with Caliban!"

At the name the negro became all action. He sprang to an upright position, as if never crippled to deformity. The string was cast loose—the meat dropped with a heavy plash into the water, and in an instant there was the most terrific threshing, the placid bosom of the stream was lashed into foam, as if a hundred huge monsters had rushed to secure a tempting meal, followed by a roar that made the woods ring as with thunder.

The tiny shell of a boat was instantly overturned, and cries of despairing horror burst from every lip.

"Alligators! O God! Alligators!"

The revengeful negro had matured his plan well—had carried it out in a manner worthy of the savage after whom he had been named. An almost fiendish smile parted his thick lips, and gave to view the shark-like teeth, as he heard the shrieks of agony—heard the rushing and roaring of the mail-armed monsters. But quick as was the thought of how fully revenge was to be satisfied, came another feeling, and his face and manner changed. If there was one struggling for life whom he hated with all the vindictiveness of a demon, there was another whom he loved and worshiped, even as Quasimodo did Esmeralda.

The match was lighted and touched to the torch. It kindled and flamed furiously. He waived it above his head to give still more of brightness, and, with a loud shout, sprang into the water. He knew by long experience that fire would frighten even hungry alligators, and his blazing torch revealed a scarcely to be counted number surrounding and darting towards their human prey, who, clinging to the overturned boat, screamed for mercy.

The stout arms of the negro soon carried him to their side. He seized upon May Vincent, held her securely, and quickly swam to the shore.

"Save her! Save Heloise!" she pleaded with wild terror.

The negro made no reply. He carried her beyond the rushes to a place of safety, extinguished his torch, and sat down as if content with what he had done—as if the screaming of the victims and the roar of the victors were the sweetest music to his ear, and the blood-stained water the choicest background to the panorama of horrors.

But the very attempt at death worked out its own redemption. The fighting alligators—fighting for the meal—saved humanity. The fainting girl was fitted into the boat, and it reached shore before the fiends of the water saw how they were being robbed.

And the fiend of the land—the Caliban of the river? He saw how signally he had failed in his way, and fled from the wrath that was certain to follow—fled to the swamps, where the foot of white man has never been. Of his fate there is no certainty. It is said

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

W.—1. The architects of St. Peter's Church, Rome, were Bernardino and others at the beginning, then Bramante, next Giovanni da Verona and Raphael, then Baldassari Peruzzi, next Antonio Sangallo, then Giulio Romano, next Michael Angelo, then Vignola and Pirro, next Giacomo della Porta, then Carlo Maderna, and finally Bernini finished the colonnade. Between its foundation and its dedication 175 years elapsed, and 300 years elapsed before its actual completion, during which time forty-three Popes died. 2. Funchinello is of an origin that is Italian, but not exact as to time or person. Mr. Punch and Mrs. Judy's domestic infelicity is ascribed to the Italian comedian Silvio Fiorillo, about the year 1600. 3. "Barry Cornwall" was the *nom de plume* of the late Barry Procter, English writer. 4. Arithmetic, inclusive of multiplication, began with the Greeks as a science, but as an art its early history has been lost.

EUCHRE, Chicago.—A wager specifically left to that book will of course be determined by that book. There are three or four such books, all issued as private enterprises within the last twelve years. Those papers which have "changed hands" frequently within the past twenty-five years have found these private-enterprise books a great convenience, and hence the changes in their decisions. We decide now as we did when we began, twenty-four years ago, when there were no books on euchre, viz., that the highest euchre can win the deal at euchre, and that a player who is either assisted or ordered up cannot go alone.

J. G. B., Ithaca.—1. The child of American citizens, born during their temporary absence abroad, is, when of age, entitled to all the privileges of a native-born citizen. Such was not the construction placed upon the law at the time you mention, but, his father being the representative of this Government at a foreign court at the time he was born, Charles F. Adams was an American citizen. 2. The record was not previously received, and it is too late to publish it now.

REPUBLICAN, Cincinnati.—No such decision has ever been given, either as to pools or bets. Some months ago we expressed the opinion that no reasoning man ought to object to draw, if requested to do so; but since arbitration has been invoked there is the less need even for a mere expression of opinion. Our decision is, and has been, that bets stand, as pools stand, unless the bettors agree to draw or the pool-buyers cannot help themselves.

Question Box, New Orleans.—1. He cannot secure to himself the exclusive right of representation of such a dramatization of a novel. The copyright only covers what is original, i. e., the method of arranging the scenes, and any original dialogue that may be used. 2. Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., inclosing stamp for reply, and he will send you full instructions how to procure a copyright.

MINNIE AND NELLIE, Cedar Grove.—You had better give up all idea of going on the stage. You reside so far from cities where engagements are made that you could not procure an opening. 2. In New Orleans, La., where they will probably disband. 3. The first-named is married. We cannot say as to the other. 4. The Queen Sisters have probably retired, as we have not heard from them in some time.

F. S., Washington.—1. Neither Douglas nor Lincoln received the popular vote in 1860. Here is the vote: Lincoln, 1,866,452; Douglas, 1,375,157; Breckinridge, 847,953; Bell, 590,631. Lincoln fell short of the popular vote, which is a majority of all cast, by 479,135. 2. A is correct as to Lincoln's having received a larger vote than any other candidate.

RUTHERFORD.—Be patient. The Electoral Commission has given Florida to Hayes, and that is prima-facie evidence that you win. But the Commission, by not completing its work, can annul all that it has done, and thus the election of President will be thrown into the House of Representatives. This possibility, which is by no means a probability, was alluded to a long time ago below.

F. D. P., Morristown.—Our decisions are based upon the statements submitted. We cannot investigate as to the correctness of those statements. According to your version, you were awarded a prize. Your friends, should they write, will be answered in accordance with the statement they themselves submit. Parties to a wager should always sign in one statement.

E. H., Boston.—1. New York, Philadelphia and Boston, probably. 2. Of American cities, and regarded merely in the light of covering ground, Philadelphia Academy of Music and Boston Theatre. As to seating-capacity, the Stadt Theatre, this city, is the largest. 3. We think not; but there may be one or two. There ought not to be a ten-story building anywhere.

J. W., Nova Scotia.—If you can secure a minor position in some established theatre or traveling troupe, close observation and strict attention to your duties will enable you to make the necessary progress towards the consummation of your desires. In such a position, a small amount will be sufficient to carry you along.

P. F., Boston.—The Presidential vote of Philadelphia County, which, we believe, is now nothing more than Philadelphia City, is reported as 77,075 for Hayes, 62,110 for Tilden, 3,798 for Cooper and 2,403 for Smith. The vote of which is its own county, it was 112,830 for Tilden, 58,561 for Hayes, and 289 for Cooper.

F. H. K., Cleveland.—1. You need not take the deck-head, but practically you may as well. There are but seven trumps left, and five of these remaining ones would have to be in another player's hand to possibly do you any damage on the trick. 2. If he does not wish to follow suit, he can throw away a trump.

A. M. B., Reading.—1. Sample sketches or designs are drawn with lead pencil or with crayon, and on any paper that is handy. Sketches engraving are, after being accepted, drawn on wood. 2. Penmanship fair, spelling correct, punctuation moderate, and composition slightly defective.

J. W., Purdy.—We think the officers were in error. According to the conditions of the race, one heat trotted inside of the stipulated time entitled the horse to the money. If the Association intended that all heats were to be better than three minutes, it should have so stated specifically in the conditions.

D. D., Chicago.—At the last State census, taken in the Summer of 1875, the population of New York was 4,705,208. As there had been an increase of but about 320,000 in *five* years, the present population should not be 5,000,000. No one can positively say whether it is or not.

G. W., Providence.—1. A clown's costume consists of a pair of fancifully embroidered tights, a breech-cloth, and a body, both ornamented, and a skullcap. 2. Salaries range from $40 per week and expenses to $100. 3. He has the letters.

LE ROY, Cincinnati.—1. We have not the full cast of the play. Write to that theatre, inclosing a stamp for a reply. 2. Watch our dramatic summary. 3. Cannot spare the space to reprint the cast. 4. H. B. Wood is studying for the military.

J. H., Port Royal.—1. Molineux the Black, who fought Cribb, may have resided for a time in Manchester, Eng.; we cannot say positively that he did. 2. His last fight was with George Nelson, at Long Point, in 2 hours 10 minutes, near Edinburgh, Scotland, March 10, 1815.

G. R. G. AND D. D., Thornton's.—Moscow, Russia, is inclosed in a boulevard whose circumference is 25 miles. Philadelphia, Pa., has a length of 23 miles, a width of 5½ miles on the average, and contains nearly 129¼ square miles.

A. F. McA., St. Louis.—No. It is unreasonable to ask him to expose his hand. If the game was properly played as to keeping the discards in a separate pile, that pile will show that he opened on jacks, which is all that is necessary.

F. B. C., Philadelphia.—1. It has never been given to the public. 2. She shares in the gross receipts of money paid with the management first deducting such sum, technically called expenses. 3. Generally in this city. 4. Mrs. Pillot. 5. See answer to 1.

REFRO.—1. The dealer at draw-poker has no right to say how many cards other players have drawn. 2. Tilden is said to have carried Fremont, O., the home of Hayes, and Hendricks to have carried the home of Wheeler, in this State.

DECLINED—"The Yaller Gal." "The Little Cemetery on the Hill." "Custer and His Men." "Mabel the Blonde." "She is Such a Stunner." "Speak to Me, Darling, Again." "The Gallus Conductor." "I Love that Little Charmer." "Back Home at Last." "A Dream of the Brooklyn Bridge."

SAVE-UP, Woodridge.—1. The eldest hand to play is he who is nearest to the dealer on the latter's left. 2. When there is a tie for game, the eldest hand of the tiers is entitled to it.

SUBSCRIBER, San Francisco.—As A made but low, after having given B three, A has clearly lost the game. Had A made two more points, so as to cover the three he gave, his low would have put him out.

C. S., Detroit.—1. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. 2. Neither the Sylvan Glen nor the Sylvan Stream made such a trip. The Sylvan Dell did make it about five years ago, the time being last—for a boat of her size. 3. Question is not recorded.

ANXIOUS SIX, Indianapolis.—It is purely a matter of opinion which of the ladies you name is the handsomest. There is much difference in the ages of the last two named. Peruse THE CLIPPER for their whereabouts.

C. K., San Francisco.—Charles Fechter was born in London, Eng., but at very early age was taken to France, where he was educated and raised. His father was a German and his mother an Englishwoman.

G. W. V., Finshing.—1. The Savannah, in 1819. 2. They put on nothing but their tights, which make the limbs look long and slim. 3. Practice it on the grass, in a room, or almost anywhere. There are no aids.

W. J. F., Phila.—We know of no such company.

W. G. E.—Your card costs $2.40 for four times.

F. M. B., Clinton.—$1.20 for two insertions.

C. A. B., Chicago.—They were declined.

WILL, Chicago.—W is out on his low.

E. O. H.—We are not in need of one.

BUFFALO.—See next week.

NAT.—We cannot say.

AMERICAN PLAYS.

We want more American plays. Our hundred years of national existence has given us the right to demand a literature of our own. The great American novelist has not yet made his appearance; neither has the great American dramatist. And yet we have produced some writers whose merits have been recognized throughout the world, so that Englishmen no longer ask "Who reads an American book?" We have done just enough in literature to show that we are capable of doing a great deal more. What we need most is a dramatic literature which shall fairly reflect the manners, virtues and follies of the American people. We want, in short, American plays written by Americans.

Is there no demand for this sort of thing? Then create a demand. It can be done, and done effectually. Will anybody presume to say that this country does not afford all requisite material for a drama? Is not romance to be found in our very midst? Are not men swayed by the same passions here as elsewhere? Do they not love and hate, scheme and plan, strive and fail, suffer and rejoice, work and play, build and destroy, yearn and die? Another Shakespeare would find among us Shylocks as quick to demand the last ounce of the pound of flesh as was the Jew of old, Othellos as blindly jealous as the Moor of Venice, Iagos as cunning, Desdemonas as guiltless, Romeos as faithful, Lears as impassioned, Antonys as eloquent, Katharines as shrewish, Ophelias as lovable, Cæsars as ambitious, Falstaffs as veracious, and Hamlets as gloomy, as those which make the great bard's page immortal. But it is not another Shakespeare we look for. THE CLIPPER would feel itself guilty of a grievous fault if any suggestions here through out should set our scribblers to writing five-act tragedies in blank verse and blanker ideas. No, not another Shakespeare! Not even another Sheridan, Goldsmith or Bulwer. It is not these we hope for, but the dramatist who is content with less ambitious flights, and who shall write plays which are wholesome, entertaining, and, above all, American. Have we none among us who can do this?

The most signal successes which have been achieved on the stage during the past ten years have come to us from across the Atlantic. France has contributed "The Two Orphans," "Led Astray," "Frou-Frou," "Fernande," "Alixe," and many others. England has sent "Our Boys," "Dan'l Druce," and others which have attained more or less popularity; while from Germany we have squeezed out "Lemons," and the pith, at least, for numerous other plays. With the possible exception of Col. Sellers and Bardwell Slote—which are both caricatures, not characters—and some of Mr. Daly's productions, we have had scarcely a score of American plays which are remembered now. Let no one suppose that during this time there have been no American plays written. Any manager of any theatre will tell you that he has more dramas presented to him than he can find time to read. Many of these, no doubt, are not worth the reading; many, on the other hand, are worth the acting. The success of Mr. Grover's "Our Boarding-house" shows that it is possible, even out of very gauzy material, to construct an American play which shall be popular. Why is it, then, that we do not get more of them?

The answer is not difficult to reach. Under the existing system at most of our legitimate theatres, the production of a new play involves a large expenditure of time and money. The elaborate mountings and exquisite scenery, which have become indispensable accessories to theatric representation, prevent a manager from undertaking so risky an experiment as the production of a new play by a new author. He argues, and with seeming soundness, that where it is possible to bring out dramas which have already stood the test of criticism and met with public favor, it is unwise to present a play whose fate is yet to be determined. So the manuscript of the American author grows musty in the manager's desk, while the translations and adaptations are brought out in rapid succession. It is for precisely this reason that there appears to be no demand for American plays. We repeat, then, create a demand. Suppose that one of our leading theatres here in New York should try an experiment something like this: Beginning with the opening of another season, the announcement is made that only original American plays will be enacted upon the stage of this supposititious house. No play shall hold the boards for a longer period than two weeks. The management will make its selections absolutely without favor; and, to do this, the name of the writer of a play shall not be known until the fate of his production has been decided. In order to avoid the expense which attaches to the mounting of a modern drama, it shall be stipulated that "startling mechanical effects" are not desired; and that the probabilities of the acceptance of a play will be augmented in proportion to its easy adaptation to the stage. It shall be further agreed that the author is to receive a fair compensation for his work, if acceptable; and that, after this sum is paid, his play becomes the property of the manager. Suppose that an experiment of this kind were to be made, is it not reasonable to believe that it would prove a success? And a success in something more than a mere financial way. First, it would open up a market for the wares of American playwrights; secondly, it would stimulate wholesome competition, and bring to the surface those works most deserving of recognition; and lastly, it would give the public a fair opportunity to decide whether American plays may not be made fully as enjoyable as those of foreign extraction.

THE CLIPPER does not wish to be accused of indulging in visionary projects; neither does it presume to take upon itself the task of instructing our theatrical managers as to their duty. This much, however, must have made itself obvious to the minds of all who have given the subject thought: We want more American plays. We have had our sympathies awakened often enough by the sufferings and heartaches of French heroines. We have wasted enough tears on Camille and her many prototypes. We have given pity to the pathos and laughter to the wit of foreign dramatists. Now let us give as much to the playwrights of our own country. Here, with the freshness and vigor of life, with the representatives of all nations, with the mingling passions of all peoples, with the quick pulse of action and of enterprise, with wealth and poverty, culture and ignorance, virtue and vice—here is a field wide enough for the master-hand of the dramatist. Let him seize the materials which he may find in rich abundance and weave them into plays. He need go neither to France for intrigue, to Germany for plot, nor to England for tragedy. All are here within his easy grasp. And for him who contributes worthily to American dramatic literature—for him who holds again the mirror up to nature—fame and fortune surely wait.

THEY HAVE been making a great fuss about Florida, and yet we can't see that Florida has anything to complain of. Do you wish to learn what the people are doing down there now? They are actually *eating strawberries!* Why should that State be permitted to enjoy such luxuries while we up here in the North have to put up with second-hand *dried* fruit?

THE PARTY who sought to "put out the light" of Governor Packard, in New Orleans, on Feb. 15, seems to have started on his errand on the principle that, if the deed was to be done, then "twere well it were done quickly;" but he failed in the practical part of the job, which was not *well done.*

A CHRONIC GRUMBLER assures us that those restaurants which have reduced their prices have, in a corresponding manner, reduced the quantity and quality of the dishes furnished; so that, really, consumers come out at the same end where they went in, and "honors are easy."

BROADWAY AT THREE O'CLOCK.—Collision between a two-horse truck and a wayfarer inevitable. *Driver of Truck*—"Hay, there; dam you, git out o' the way!" *Man*—"Don't make such a fuss. I won't hurt yer old horses."

DOMESTIC FELICITY.—*Wife*—"Is a Pacha fond of his wives?" *Husband*—"Certainly, my dear; he's *Pacha*-nately fond of them."

THE BLUE-GLASS CURE is a very Pleasant 'un, and is likely to become more popular than castor oil.

LITTLE YELLOW DOGS are going out of fashion, but sedate poodles are in request. The people of Pittsburg assault the small Spitz dog, wherever found, which shows that he is no longer in favor with these Spitzburgers.

WHEN "OUR JIM" saw Thurlow Weed take a tumble, one day last week, near the Post-office, the wicked boy was so excited by the upset of the great man that he cried out: "How are the mighty fallen!"

ONE of the funny writers in Boston says that the successful candidate for the Presidency "is to be sculped." To which we would courteously remark that he will *not* be sculped unless *he's culp-able!*

RAPID TRANSIT is to be first tried on "Joe Coburn." If it succeeds, then other "railroading" enterprises will follow.

"OUR JIM," who is at present on his good behavior, says that some of the pictures in our churches are like his shirt, because they're *altar pieces!*

THE PRESIDENTIAL question is still on trial. Or is it the people who are being tried?

OUR NATIONAL GAME—the Presidency.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** Feb. 12: William Green was hanged at Pittsburg, Pa., for the murder of his half-brother, Samuel Marshall.....The votes of the Republican electors for Florida were counted by Congress in joint convention, and the counting of States continued until Louisiana was reached, when, upon the reception of Republican and Democratic certificates in regular form, and a burlesque certificate claiming the State for Cooper and Cary, the houses separated after referring the questions at issue to the Electoral Commission.....Thirty-three illicit distilleries were reported to have been captured, and eighty-four persons arrested by officers and troops in the South..... Engineer Andrew Bacon was reported to have been fatally injured while attempting to get on a moving train at Westchester Station, N. Y.....Samuel Smith of Franklin, Ind., was waylaid, robbed, and probably fatally injured by John Cochran.....Ida Tinker, aged 22, and Benj. Franklin were drowned at Southold, L. I.....The U. S. Treasury called in for redemption $10,000,000 more of five-twenties.....Patrick Dowling, who killed his mother at Egbertville, L. I., was sent to the insane asylum at Morris Plains, N. J. .....Ex-Congressman James L. Johnson of Owensboro, Ky., committed suicide at Evansville, Ind.....Louis McIntyre of the Second Kentucky was reported to have been killed by ambushed illicit distillers in Georgia.

*** Feb. 13: The Louisiana case was argued before the Electoral Commission. Messrs. McDonald, Jenks and Carpenter representing the Democrats, and Messrs. Evarts and Howe the Republicans.....The U. S. House of Representatives passed the Senate bill authorizing the laying of a cable from Baltimore to Europe, the toll not to exceed one English shilling per word.....Thos. Duffy was sentenced at Pottsville, Pa., to be hanged April 4 for the murder of Officer Yost.....Cesare Pascini, condemned to life-imprisonment for the murder of Francisco Vincenti, hung himself in his cell at Newport, R. I.....It was decided to admit female students to the University of the City of New York. .....President Grant denied the report that his approaching visit to Europe has any relation to the Nicaragua Canal.....C. E. Haswell was killed, and Clark James and William Harmon severely injured, by a collision on the railroad near Troy, N. Y.....The Mardi-Gras festival was celebrated at New Orleans, La., and Memphis, Tenn., with great enthusiasm.....Peter O. Staats of the firm of Reese, Staats & Merrick of Somerville, N. J., committed suicide by hanging.....Raritan.....Johannah Murphy, residing here, was killed by the explosion of a can of kerosene oil..... Mrs. Harriet McNeil, widow of Rev. Anson McNeil of Alabama, died from injuries received by being run over by a stage in this city.....Col. John O'Mahony, General was held here, his body being sent to Ireland.....Edward Lucas, a drug-clerk, committed suicide at Springfield, Mass.....Miss Hettie Love, aged nineteen, died in Philadelphia from the effects of poison alleged to have been given in mistake by Dr. Issac W. Settler, a druggist.

*** Nov. 14: Messrs. Carpenter and Trumbull, for the Democrats, and Messrs. Coughlin and Shellabarger, for the Republicans, discussed the Louisiana case before the Electoral Commission..... The U. S. House of Representatives, by a party vote, declared that Florida had gone for Tilden. .....The Senate adopted an amendment to the Bland bill requiring the roads to pay to the United States annually, over and above all other dues.....John Hartland, foreman of masonry work for the L. and W. Coal Company, lost his life by falling four hundred feet down the Diamond shaft of the company's mines, at Wilkesbarre, Pa. .....Samuel Cantrell, the wealthy shoemaker who shot himself on the 8th inst., died at Bellevue Hospital, this city.....The Territorial Supreme Court of Utah adjourned *sine die*, without notice having been given of appeal against the execution of Lee, the Mountain Meadow murderer..... Dr. M. M. Wishard, Superintendent of the Orphans' Home at Knightstown, Ind., was stated to have committed suicide.....William Hunter, Jim Dunlap and Bob Scott, charged with being concerned in the Northampton (Mass.) National Bank robbery, were arrested—the first-named in this city, and the other in Philadelphia.....An attempt on the part of Phil Smith and Richard Secouff to blow up the bank of Michael Davis, at Montreal, Can., ada, failed.....Warren Eastman's daughter was fatally burned at Claremont, N. H.....Louis R. Laun of the firm of Carr & Laun disappeared from New Orleans, La., with about $200,000, obtained on forged bills of lading for cotton..... James E. Dugan was burned to death while attempting to save a favorite dog from fire at New Brighton, S. I.....News per cable: Fifty-five miners were known to have perished by an explosion at Graissessac, France. Rudolf Meyer, editor of a socialist newspaper in Germany, was imprisoned for charging Prince Bismarck with stock-jobbing. The African explorer Gordon was appointed Governor of the entire province of the Soudan, Egypt..... Fires: Gugeuham & Gardner's wholesale liquor-store, Mrs. Stockert's grocery, and other property in Urbana, O.—loss about $31,000, partially insured; Green Griswold's barn and stables, occupied by J. Bulger Jones, near Brighton, L. I.—loss $5,000.

*** Feb. 15: William H. Weldon, a pretended newspaper correspondent, attempted to assassinate Mr. Packard, the Republican claimant of the Governorship of Louisiana, in his office at New Orleans; but his arm was struck down, the ball making a flesh-wound in the head. The would-be assassin was shot, slightly wounded, and taken into custody..... The final arguments as to admitting evidence concerning the Louisiana election were made by W. M. Evarts for the Republicans and Judge Campbell for the Democrats.....Chas. Oschwald was hanged at Newark, N. J., for the murder of Officer Brock, Thomas Hall, who was executed at Auburn at the same time, died before the appointed hour, from either poison or fright.....Thomas McClain shot and mortally wounded George Hunt at Sidney, Neb. They belonged to the Fifth Cavalry.....The steamer Pine Bluff was sunk by a snag forty miles above Little Rock, Ark.....Fire: Indianapolis Paper Mill, two other schooners were reported to have been wrecked near Crisfield, Md., on the 12th inst. The crew of the former were saved, but the seven men on board the Colbourn, and probably the crews of the other vessels, were lost.....John S. Brush of this city was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for forgery.....Ten persons were killed and many badly wounded by a boiler explosion at St. Etienne, France.....Edward Malley's drygoods store, at New Haven, Ct., was damaged by fire and water to the extent of $75,000—fully insured.

*** Feb. 16: The Electoral Commission, by a vote of 8 to 7, decided to exclude evidence in the Louisiana case, and, by a like vote, to report to Congress that that State should be counted for Hayes and Wheeler.....The steamer George Cromwell of the Cromwell line, which left Halifax, N. S., Jan. 3 for St. John, N. F., was reported to have been lost, with all on board, numbering forty persons, at Cape St. Mary's.....Antonio Leon of Brooklyn made an attempt to murder his married daughter Rose Massimino, who had confessed to her husband an unnatural crime committed upon her by her father.....A locomotive struck a carriage containing Miss Mary Bodes and Isaac Baxandale, near Middletown, N. Y., the former being instantly killed and the latter seriously hurt.....A dispatch from Havana, Cuba, stated that on the 7th inst. James H. Rush of Boston, Mass., was dangerously shot by John M. Burns, a machinery contractor well known in the United States. Calloway reported the deed.....Fires: Tyng & Brotherton's elevator, at Peoria, Ill.—loss $33,000, insured for $22,000; the Court-house of Searcy County, Ark.—loss $10,000; O'Donnell & Bros.' cooperage, Jersey City, N. J.—loss $10,000; the Louisiana State University Building—loss $10,000; S. C. Streeter's satinet-mill, at Plainfield, Mass.—loss $8,000; E. J. Allen's house and barn, at Westfield, Mass.—loss $4,500, insurance $2,500.....Twenty-seven lives were reported lost by the wrecking of oyster pungies and schooners in Chesapeake Bay.....F. T. Winslow, indicted for larceny from the office of the United States Treasurer, at Washington, D. C., was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

*** Feb. 17: Policeman McGonigal of Philadelphia was shot dead by a man named Douglass.....Abe Rothschild, who, it is alleged, murdered his mistress, Bessie Moore, at Jefferson, Texas, attempted to commit suicide at Cincinnati, O.....The Democratic members of Congress on the Electoral Count decided not to interpose dilatory action to deter the count of the electoral vote, but to protest before the country against the decision by the majority of the Commission in the cases of Florida and Louisiana.....Annie Bragdon, of Boston, Mass., who was bitten by a dog last September, died of hydrophobia.....William H. Sidle, cashier of the First National Bank of Minneapolis, Minn., died from a pistol-shot wound inflicted by Miss Kate Noonan, who alleged that he had seduced and then deserted her.....William Alexander was killed by falling through an elevator-hatchway at Boston, Mass..... Owen Tully of Brooklyn, N. Y., sentenced Jan. 20, 1876, to seven years' imprisonment for mayhem, was pardoned.....Louis Schaubert was fatally injured by falling through a hatchway in this city. .....A falling tree fatally crushed Joseph Wise at Vergennes, Vt.....Shafer, Kemp & Co.'s pork-house, at Richmond, O., was destroyed by fire, causing a loss of $20,000.

*** Feb. 18: A destructive fire occurred at Sag Harbor, L. I., thirty-three buildings, including the Nassau House, Music Hall and the Maidstone Steam-flouring Mills, being consumed. Loss about $200,000, lightly insured.....Other fires: the Lewiston and Sunbury Railroad Bridge, at Selinsgrove, Pa.—loss $30,000; Guild's Block and Godding's Building, North Attleboro, Mass.—loss $25,000, insured for $15,000; the Empire Block, Medina, O.—loss over $25,000, partially insured.....Col. Fred Meyer, revenue agent, was shot and badly wounded at Warrenton, Mo., by N. C. Dryden, a lawyer.....A shock of earthquake was reported as having been felt at Quincy, Cal.....Barney Burgess, an old resident of Oriskany Falls, was found frozen to death near Utica, N. Y.....Cable news: Capt. Mitchell and fifty Egyptian soldiers were reported to have been massacred by Abyssinians. The man-of-war Valorous returned to Yarmouth, Eng., having failed in her search for the missing fishermen; 25 vessels and 150 hands are given up as lost. The Sultan of Turkey was ill with, it was thought, paralysis of the brain. Eight thousand military engineers are altering the gauge of the Roumanian railways to suit the Russian rolling-stock, and the Russian army is making energetic preparations to cross the Pruth.....Eliza Hays of this city was fatally burned by her clothing taking fire.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ADAMS, Lela Prentice—Wife of Dr. S. L. Adams—Stockbridge, Mass., Feb. 10, aged 64.

ALLEGRE, William Barrow—Manager of *The Richmond* (Va.) *Enquirer*. Early in life he was connected with the newspaper press of Richmond, Va., whence he removed to Petersburg, and with others conducted a morning journal. Returning to Richmond, he was successively foreman, manager, and part proprietor of *The Enquirer*. After the late war he removed to Forestville, N. C., but he soon returned to Richmond and to *The Enquirer*—the latter city, Feb. 13, aged 63.

ARRELL, Augustus—A venerable resident of Richmond, Va., and one of the founders of the Fayette Artillery. Born in Norfolk, Va., in May of 1804—Richmond, Feb. 15.

BROWN, Joseph F.—For several years secretary of the Fourth and Eighth Street Railway Co., Philadelphia.—there, Feb. 13, aged 50.

BLENNERHASSET, Dr. John—Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 14.

BRINTNALL, Col. Charles E.—Troy, N. Y., Feb. 9, aged 64.

CAFFRY JR., Charles W.—Son of Capt. Charles W. Caffry of this city.—Jacksonville, Fla., Feb. 7.

COBBETT, John Morgan—Son of the well-known political writer William Cobbett. He was a lawyer by profession, and in Parliament represented Oldham for many years—England, Feb. 14.

CANTRELL, Samuel W.—At one time he was a heavy stockholder in *The Sun* of this city. Attempted suicide about Feb. 5, and died here, aged 58, on Feb. 15.

CHANGARNIER, Nicholas-feme Theodule—Senior General of the French Army. He was born at Autun, Burgundy, on April 26, 1793, and was educated at the military school of St. Cyr, from which he emerged to join the regular army in 1815. His political career began with the Revolution of 1848, and he was instrumental in the parliamentary overthrow of the Thiers Government on May 24, 1873, since when he had not been prominent. He attained to the rank of brigadier-general in 1840, and became a general of division on Aug. 3, 1843—Paris, France, Feb. 4.

DAVIS, Rear-admiral Chas. H.—Born in Massachusetts about 1806, and entered the U. S. Navy on Aug. 12, 1823. In 1856 he was made a commander, in 1861 he became a captain, and on Feb. 7, 1863, was made rear-admiral. Just before the close of the Civil War, in which he greatly distinguished himself at various times, he was ordered to the Bureau of Navigation, in which he remained until April 29, 1868, when he assumed charge of the National Observatory. After a few years spent there, he was ordered to the command of the Norfolk (Va.) Navy-yard. In 1873 he was appointed superintendent of the Naval Academy, Annapolis, in which he remained until his death—Annapolis, Md., Feb. 15, aged about 70.

EDWARDS, John Hughes—A wealthy resident of Philadelphia, and for the past fifteen years a lawyer in that city—there, Feb 12, aged 36.

GUERNSEY, Dr. William F.—A well-known homœopathic physician in Philadelphia—there, Feb. 16.

GUDE, J.—A Mason, and also a member of St. John's Guild, of Tammany Hall General Committee, and of the Fifth-ward German Guard—this city, Feb. 15, aged 51.

HOYT, Maurice—One of the oldest Masons in this State. Suddenly, while sitting in a chair—Warwick, Orange County, N. Y., Feb. 10, aged 85.

HEPPARD, Thos. H.—During the Civil War he was a captain in the 101st Regt., Pennsylvania Volunteers, and latterly he was connected with the Philadelphia post-office—that city, Feb. 12, aged 37.

JENKINS, M. Courteney—A prominent citizen of Baltimore, Md.—that city, Feb. 11, aged 68.

JOHNSON, James—Formerly a Member of Congress from Louisville, Ky. Committed suicide—Evansville, Ind., Feb. 12.

JAUDON, Mary—Wife of Dr. Charles B. Jaudon, and daughter of the late Commodore Bainbridge—Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 9.

KEARNEY, M. A.—Mayor of Wilkesbarre, Pa.—there, Feb. 11.

MEAD, Edward Schermerhorn—Second son of Rev. Edward M. Mead, D.D.—St. Mary's Knoll, on the Hudson, N. Y., Feb. 13, aged 28.

MCINTYRE, Augustine—Served in the Civil War as a sergeant, lieutenant, and captain. Shot from ambush while, as a regular army officer, assisting revenue officers, in Kentucky.

MOSENTHAL, Solomon Hermann—German poet, author and playwright. His best-known dramatic work is "Deborah," which, issued in 1850, was also his first. Born in Cassel in 1821, studied at Carlsruhe and took his degree as Doctor of Philosophy, and in 1847 entered a rich Vienna family as tutor—that city, Feb. 18.

RODGERS, Mrs. Minerva—Widow of Commodore Rodgers, U. S. N.—Rock Island, Ill., Feb. 17, aged 92.

ROSENER, Levi—For six years County-assessor of San Francisco, Cal.—that city, Feb. 9.

OSGOOD, Samuel J.—Past Grand Master of Oddfellows in the New Hampshire Jurisdiction—N. H., Feb. 14.

PLATT, Richard—A well-known sporting-man many years ago. At one time he was associated with the late Thomas Hyer in the conduct of "The Branch," No. 40 Bowery, and at another period he kept a public-house underneath Brougham's Lyceum, Broadway, near Broome street. His enterprises were successful, and yet he died in indigence—this city, about Feb. 6.

PICHOT, Amedee—A noted French author. Born at Arles, France, in 1796—Paris, about Feb. 14.

RICHARDSON, William M.—A leading Mason of Brooklyn, N. Y.—there, Feb. 9, aged 59.

SMITH, Cyrus P.—A leading citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y., where he was successively clerk of the Board of Trustees, Corporation-counsel, Alderman, Mayor, and president of the Board of Education for twenty years. He represented Brooklyn in the Senate in 1856-7, helped in 1839 to found what is now known as the Long Island Historical Society, managing director of the Union Ferry Co. since 1855, and in January, 1869, became acting president of the City Railroad Co. Born in Hanover, N. H., April 5, 1800, graduated from Dartmouth College in 1824, studied law with Chief-justice T. S. Williams of Hartford, Ct., was admitted to practice in 1827, and in the course of that year removed upon what proved an uninterrupted residence in Brooklyn—that city, Feb. 13.

SHARKEY, Mary—A native of Ireland, but a resident of this city for twenty-five years past—here, Feb. 18, aged 101.

TUTTLE, Elmer—One of the early settlers of Chicago, Ill., where he ever afterwards resided except from about 1849 to 1852, during which interval he established a newspaper at St. Anthony's Falls, Minn.—Chicago, Feb. 11, aged 63.

THROOP, Hon. S. J.—Probably the oldest ex-member of the New York Legislature. Born in Kinderhook, N. Y., Jan. 4, 1790, and studied law with Martin Van Buren, in whose family he resided. He afterwards removed to Oxford, N. Y., thence to Honesdale, Pa., where he was Justice-of-the-peace for two years, and from there he went in 1856 to Stroudsburg, where he was Judge of the County Court—that place, Feb. 15, aged 87.

WILEY, Rev. John—Born in Newcastle, Del., educated at Germantown Academy, and appointed assistant to Rev. Dr. Wyatt, rector of St. Paul's Church, Baltimore. He had since then filled several pastorates in Maryland—Baltimore, Feb. 11, aged 70.

WYLIE, Charles B.—Alderman of the Seventh Ward, Brooklyn, N. Y., three years ago—that city, Feb. 17.

WYMAN, D. W.—Superintendent of the New York Elevated Railroad. Death was caused by heart disease—Jersey City, N. J., Feb. 18.

WRESTLING MATCH.—The £50 champion challenge-cup offered by the late proprietor of the Borough Grounds, Oldham, Eng., and £25 a side, were wrestled for by John Butterworth (alias "Dockum") and James Coyle (alias "Gall") at said grounds Jan. 27. No sooner had the men faced each other than Coyle dashed in and got behind the favorite, and, as he appeared quite as strong as Butterworth, the betting was declared to be 5 to 4. The wrestling was extremely good, and at the expiration of thirty minutes neither had secured the least advantage. On resuming, however, Coyle got placed in a rather unpleasant position, but by strenuous exertions managed to get out. They had not afterwards wrestled long ere Butterworth, seizing a favorable opportunity, got his man fairly "locked," and Coyle was compelled to give way at the expiration of thirty-four minutes. Ten minutes were allowed the men for resting, after which, as Coyle failed to make his appearance, Butterworth was declared the winner. The latter is 5ft. 2in. in height, and will complete his twenty-sixth birthday on April 14 next. Coyle is much younger, having been born on May 26, 1856, and he stands exactly 5ft. Fully 4,000 persons were present, and great excitement prevailed at the finish.

THAT SKATING CHALLENGE.—His second defi having been permitted to pass unheeded, Frank Lee aims another shot, intended especially for B. G. Hughes, to whom he certainly offers fair terms. Read it:

NEW YORK, Feb. 16, '76.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—SIR: My challenge to back Mr. E. McGeoch to skate any man in the United States not having elicited a response, and being still desirous of testing the ability of Mr. B. G. Hughes, I now offer to match Mr. E. McGeoch against him for any sum he may desire; or I will give a gold medal valued at $50 to the winner of a match between them, the winner to hold it against all comers for two years. Should Mr. Hughes accept either of the above propositions, and should the ice fail in this vicinity, I will allow him fifty dollars for expenses to any place in this State where there may be ice. YOURS, FRANK LEE.

COCKING IN CANADA.—A main of cocks was fought at Toronto, Ont., Feb. 12, the birds representing respectively the East and West End. Seven battles were contested, each for $25, and victory fell to the portion of the West-end birds, they having won one battle only.....A main was fought a few days previously between parties belonging respectively to Brockville and Ottawa, the conditions being to fight for $50 a battle and $200 the odd fight. Brockville won six of the seven battles.

A CURLING MATCH took place on the pond at Central Park, this city, on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 17, sides being composed of players belonging to the New York, Empire, Caledonian, Manhattan, Burns, and New York clubs. The skips were Messrs. Maxwell and Shields, and the latter's team won by a single point, the game being more than ordinarily well played, considering the condition of the ice.

A POINT GAME was participated in by thirteen members of the New York Caledonian Curling Club at Central Park on Feb. 14—the first opportunity that the slingers of the "stanes" have had to indulge in the sport since the thawing-out process began in this vicinity. J. B. Gillie won, scoring nine points; W. Whitebottom, seven; M. Baxter and J. Fisher, six each.

THE MANHATTAN CRICKET CLUB held their twenty-second annual meeting at James Smith's snuggery, "The Rainbow," No. 1 Amity street, on Feb. 14, when the following gentlemen were chosen officers: President, J. Neaves; vice-president, D. McDougall; secretary, S. E. Hosford; secretary, L. Love; managing committee, James Smith, B. F. Jenkins and S. H. Makin.

AT A CONVENTION of the National Association of Fanciers of Poultry, Pigeons and Dogs, held in Chicago, Ill., Feb. 15, the following officers were chosen: President, E. L. Lamb; secretary and treasurer, C. J. Ward.

BASEBALL.

THE GENERAL PLAYERS OF 1876.

The Base-players.

Before referring to the base-players of the non-League clubs of 1876, we have a word or two to say about some of the catchers and pitchers not mentioned in our preceding article. During the past week we saw little Roche, formerly catcher of the Chelseas, who was badly injured while playing with the Cricketers last season. He has entirely recovered from his injury, and is ready to take the field again at once. He is a plucky little player, a fine catcher, and one, too, who is reliable. He spe

28th round commenced rather wildly, and Burns' right eye joined the early-closing movement; but in the following round he recovered a trifle, yet Goode, although over the shop, was still the stronger. From this round to the 35th and last Burns was gradually improving, and he was certainly most fit; but it was the turn of a straw as to whose side the victory would fall, and all present heartily concurred in the verdict of Joe Vezey, the referee, when he declared it a drawn battle."

GEORGE'S BIRTHDAY SPORTS.—The proprietor of Central Park Garden announces that he will offer a silver cup worth having as a prize to the best heavyweight boxer at the entertainment to be given there on the afternoon and evening of Feb. 22. Johnny Dwyer and Prof. Miller have agreed to spar five rounds, and others are invited to take a couple of hands in. This is to take place in the evening, the chief feature of the afternoon being a Graeco-Roman wrestling contest between W. J. Austin and Jaques De Leon, best three-in-five falls, announced as for a purse of $100. The programme includes a variety of other interesting features.

BILLY EDWARDS, the light-weight champion, will shortly become a candidate for public favors in a pecuniary sense, having decided to give an exhibition at some suitable hall in the metropolis. We are promised something unusually good upon this occasion, in the shape of a set-to between the champion and the very clever middle-weight Johnny Cash, who is looked upon as the coming man at his weight, and who is certainly capable of making such a meeting hot enough for anybody. Due notice will be given of time and place.

JIMMY SHAW'S benefit, which transpired at Cambridge Hall, London, Eng., on the evening of Feb. 1, was very largely attended, the audience completely packing the building. There were nine boxing bouts, the wind-up being given by Billy Shaw and Bat Mullins, and wrestling in the Devon and Cornwall and the Cumberland and Westmoreland style. Among the old 'uns of fistic renown present were Jim Ward, Jimmy Welsh, Alec. Keene and Phil. Benjamin. The eccentric Joey Jones acted as M. C.

THE DISPATCH which stated that Eph Holland had been released by the United States authorities at Cincinnati, O., on $1 000 bail, Feb. 10, was not correct. Ephraim did not succeed in securing bail until the 13th, and then the amount was $10,000. His bondsmen are Thomas Meade, John C. Crane and Peter Jacobs. The Kentucky authorities are also after him for the part he took in the Goss-Allen mill. "Ephraim, behave yourself!"

MICHAEL RYAN, charged with being an accomplice of Eph Holland in manipulating election frauds in Ohio, was arrested in this city Feb. 14, locked up over night in Ludlow-street Jail, and, after being given a hearing before Commissioner Osborne the following day, a warrant was issued for his removal to Cincinnati.

JOHN LAWRENCE has, we learn, been appointed detective by the N. Y. Central and Hudson River, R. R. Co., and runs between this city and Buffalo as often as occasion requires or the spirit moves him. Probably no better man than he of the tall shirt-collar could be found for this responsible position.

WE HAVE LETTERS in our care for "Tom" Allen, Billy Kelly and Prof. Wm. Miller (2).

THE TRIGGER.

THE INTERNATIONAL SHOOT.

We publish below a communication written by the captain of the Scottish National Rifle-team, in reply to a letter from the secretary of the National Rifle Association, relative to future competitions for the Centennial Trophy. It is not likely that objection will be raised to any of the recommendations contained therein, save as to the change from yearly to triennial competition; five years are rather too long a lapse of time; but we think it would be wise to alter the conditions to once every two years.

EDINBURGH, No. 15 ARRECKONRY PLACE, Jan. 1, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR.—I duly received your letter and copy of resolution of your Board. It is very kind of the donors of the international trophy to consult those who competed, and the only desire we have had in considering what to recommend has been to promote the permanence and efficiency of this great match. I annex a note of the recommendations unanimously adopted by the Council of our National Club, as regards the first, we are all very strongly of the opinion that the future of the match, as a gathering of several nationalities (without which it would lose much *eclat*), can only be insured by not holding it too often, looking to the enormous distances to be traveled and the very great expense involved. All the other suggestions are of minor consequence, in my personal opinion, though they might add to the general satisfaction already felt with the conduct of the match by your people. Begging you to give my kind regards to my friends who meet at your Board, believe me yours very truly

J. H. A. MACDONALD.

P. S.—I suppose that we may now hold that there will be no attempt to supersede the separate nationalities by a British team. I shall much regret it if any of our English friends do. I hope it will be understood in America that we object to the right of a British team to shoot now after conclusions have been joined by your nation with our Scotch nation as a separate nationality in rifle-shooting matters.

THE RECOMMENDATIONS.

1. That the match take place triennially instead of annually.

2. That, if possible, the match be held upon a neutral range, strange to all the teams.

3. That the range should be open for preliminary practice for fourteen days previous to the match.

4. That previous to the commencement of the preliminary practice the targets should be ballotted for, and that the targets so obtained should be held during the practice and the match itself.

5. That the divisions on the targets should be cut out, and not merely painted, so as to facilitate the decision of disputed shots.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUBS.

There was a numerous muster of the members of the Brooklyn Gun Club and Long Island Shooting Club on the grounds of the latter, on the Jamaica Plankroad, on Friday, Feb. 16, to witness the challenge contests for the gold badges of the clubs. These badges, which are of elegant manufacture and artistically designed, are given by the club to the winner of each match on handicap at single and double birds; the winner to hold it subject to challenge for six months before it becomes his unconditional property. Prior to this occasion Mr. B. West was the holder of the handicap-badge; Mr. Williams for single birds, and Dr. Atkins for double birds. The first contest was at ten single birds, 21yds rise, 80yds boundary, from H and T traps, Hurlingham rules to govern; Dr. Wynne and C. Williams being the only contestants. We give the scores.

Dr. Wynne	1111 1111	10	killed 8, missed 2
C. Williams	1111 0111	10	killed 8, missed 2

A match at 10 pair of double birds, 18yds. rise, 100yds. boundary, H and T traps, three yards apart, for the club badge, was next shot. Dr. Atkins and R. Robinson being the competitors. It resulted as under:

Dr. Atkins	11 11 00 00 10 10 10 11 11	11	killed 12, missed 8
R Robinson	11 11 00 10 11 00 00 01 01	10	killed 10, missed 10

The grand handicap shooting for the championship gold medal, 10 birds each, single rises, 80yds, boundary, followed, and nine members participated. We give the scores of the shooters:

	Kld. Msd		*Kld. Msd.*
Eddy, 24yds. rise	6	3	Williams, 23yds. rise	5	3
Wynn, 24yds. rise	11	4	Munn, 21yds. rise	3	3
R. West, 24yds. rise	10	3	Kilendorf, 25yds. rise	1	3
Robinson, 22yds. rise	7	3	Race, 22yds. rise	0	3
Martin, 24yds. rise	5	3			

A sweepstakes of $3 each, 30yds. rise, at 10 single birds, miss and go out, was then shot, and won by Mr. Ellendorf, the score being as under:

	Killed.	*Missed.*		*Killed.*	*Missed.*
Ellendorf	9	1	Atkins	5	5
Robinson	6	3	Eddy	2	3

THE IRISH TEAM WILL TRY IT AGAIN.

The President of the Amateur Rifle Club last week received the following official challenge from the Irish Rifle Association:

DUBLIN, 49 RUTLAND SQUARE,
Saturday, Feb. 3, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR.—I have pleasure in submitting to you the following resolution, passed at a council meeting of the Irish Rifle Association, held at the Mansion House, Dublin, on the 22d ultimo, the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor in the chair:

Resolved, That an invitation be addressed to the Amateur Rifle Club of New York to send a team to Ireland in the present year, to shoot a match on the same conditions as the Irish-American matches of 1874, 1875 and 1876.

I have peculiar pleasure in forwarding this resolution, and I hope it will lead to another of those friendly contests which during the last three years been productive of much good feeling and honorable rivalry between two nationalities connected otherwise by many agreeable associations. The month of June is suggested as the most suitable for this match, as it will enable those gentlemen whom we hope to welcome as your representatives to take part in the annual competition of the Irish Rifle Association, and consequently to visit the camp of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon. I am, dear sir, your faithful and sincere friend,

ARTHUR B. LYECH.

To the President of the Amateur Rifle Club.

A SHOOT for a medal emblematic of the championship was indulged in by members of the Detroit (Mich.) Gun Club Feb. 8. They shot at twenty-five birds each, and J. D. Eldridge won with a score of 22. Cook Cousins following with 21, while E. H. Gilman and James Hall brought up the rear in 20 each, and Ed. Bierbro and L. C. Hawkins 19 each.

THE AMERICAN RIFLE ASSOCIATION elected the following officers at Mount Vernon, N. Y., recently: President, John T. Underhill; vice-president, Chas. M. Shiffelin; secretary, Joseph Porter; treasurer, Dr. Gill; executive committee, Capt. Corcoran, J. Jarvis, and David P. Lydecker.

A FROZEN SHOOT, for $60 a side, fifteen birds each, between Henry Engel and E. Pahill took place near Baltimore, Md., Feb. 15. Engel won; score, 12 to 5. A colt was then shot for, twenty persons firing at ten birds each. Engel again proved the winner.

GEORGE AND JOHN ATKINSON were opponents in a pigeon match, seven birds each, which was decided at Marden, Ont., Feb. 9. The shooting was very poor, John winning by a score of three to one.

AQUATIC.

STRAIGHTAWAY RACE.—W. Fawcus, who won the Diamond Sculls and Wingfield Sculls in 1871, and J. G. Sowerby of Gateshead, Eng., decided their amateur match on the Tyne, over a straightaway course of one mile and two hundred yards, on Saturday, Jan. 27. Though Fawcus, who was the favorite, went off in very bad style, and a quarter of a mile away was three lengths in the rear, after once getting down to work he picked his opponent up very rapidly, and had a lead of one hundred yards when the latter, an eighth of a mile from the finish, drew out. Time, 10:22, Fawcus having eased up towards the close. The winner was trained by James Percy, and the loser by James Taylor.

THE N. Y. YACHT CLUB, at a meeting held on the evening of Feb. 15, voted to abolish both the club-house on Staten Island and the one in this city; that in future the meetings of the club be held at Delmonico's, or some other restaurant; that the expenses of the June regatta should not exceed $2,500; and that the total yearly expenditures shall not exceed $7,500. This action has been taken to prevent the application of too much of the club's resources to the support of a social club within its ranks.

JOSEPH CANNON AND WILLIAM E. BURGOINE rowed from Putney Aqueduct to the ship at Mortlake, on the Thames, Eng., for £25 a side, Jan. 31. Cannon went right away from his antagonist, and won with the utmost ease, by nearly two hundred yards, in 25:30. The tide was very sluggish. Mr. Leverell was umpire and starter. Harry Kelley trained and piloted Cannon, John Higgins having charge of Burgoine.

ANOTHER ICEBOAT RACE between craft belonging to the New Hamburg (N. Y.) Association, over a course of sixteen miles, was held on the Hudson Feb. 16. The Zephyr won first prize, and the Flyaway the second. It was a close race at the finish, but, owing to the softness of the ice, the sailing was slow.

REAR-COMMODORE BEEKMAN, W. L. Swan and M. Foulke Jr., belonging to the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, on Feb. 17 set sail from this port for a cruise among the West India Islands.

THE BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB, at a meeting held Feb. 14, selected June 12 as the date for the annual regatta. Cornelius S. Lee, owner of the schooner, and A. R. Culver were elected members. At the close of the meeting the members were banqueted by the new flag-officers.

THE FUNERAL OF JAMES BOYD took place at Gateshead-on-Tyne, Eng., Jan. 29. It was numerously attended by North Country watermen. His grave is about fifty yards from that of James Renforth, whose friend and first patron he was.

DIED.—Robert Pridey, an oarsman of local reputation, and quite popular among his associates, died in South Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb 9, in the twenty-third year of his age. His remains were interred in the Cemetery of the Holy Cross, Flatbush.

BOWLING.

CREEPING SLOWLY TOWARDS THE FRONT.

On St. Valentine's night the Nassaus and Nationals met at Beignan's, Graham avenue, Williamsburg, to contest the fifteenth game of the tournament. Both teams being on hand early, the umpire, Mr. Hoppe, called the game at 8.30 P. M., and Mr. Savage, captain of the Nationals, started the balls rolling and made a spare, which created great enthusiasm among their backers, who were on hand in strong force. R. Orr followed by making a handsome strike, and this start-off for the Nassaus gave the team such confidence that strikes and spares followed in quick succession, and at the end of the third frame the followers of the veteran were 150 pins ahead. The individual bowling of Messrs. Wilson and Church on one side, and Sayres and Brown on the other, was superb all through the game, and at the end of the sixth frame the Nassaus were 104 pins ahead. At the end of the two succeeding innings the same team were exactly 104 pins ahead, showing that the Nationals were improving and holding their opponents to even bowling. It was not until the ninth frame that Captain Savage's team showed any signs of overcoming the odds against them; and in this frame they gave a spurt, every man in the team bowling without a break, which opened the eyes of the Nassaus and put them on their mettle; but R. Orr coached his men with such good judgment that at the end of this frame they were still ahead. In the last and deciding frame both teams let nothing slip, but bowled for everything it was worth, amid great excitement on the part of the spectators, the hall at this time being uncomfortably crowded. Every strike and spare made was greeted with applause, and when the end came the Nassaus were the winners by 66 pins, beating a team that will show itself nearer the front than many expect. This game improves the Nassau stock in betting circles, and it is said by the lovers of ten-pins that the final game between this team and the Athletics will be the closest on record. The game lasted two hours and three-quarters, and the following is the score:

NASSAU.		NATIONAL.	
R. Orr	173	Savage	155
W. Wilson	195	Sayres	162
J. Church	179	Cullinan	158
J. Orr	176	Shlushman	121
F. Baker	129	C. Clack	161
J. Grum	146	Cummings	140
S. Baker	160	R Clack	169
G Grum	147	Ghan	146
Conover	133	Brown	187
E. Church	135—1573	McArdell	129—1507

NEW YORK vs. NEW JERSEY.

The return game between the Columbias of New York and Atlantics of New Jersey came off at the Otto Cottage, Hoboken, on Feb. 17. In the first game, played in Brooklyn three weeks ago, the Atlantics were badly beaten, and the Columbias on Saturday night crossed two rivers hoping to repeat the dose; but in this they failed, as at the end of the tenth frame they were 132 pins behind. The Atlantics were captained by the Hon. J. Russell, Hoboken's popular Mayor, aided by several of the "City Fathers," with a sprinkling of ball players belonging to the ancient Empires and modern Mutuals, and a Sexton to fill up the vacant gap. The visitors had for captain Wm. Woods, who led the score, but did not receive the support necessary to win. Four alleys were used in bowling, four players of each team rolling at the same time, and in this expeditious way the time consumed in playing the match was only ninety-five minutes. After the result was announced, and a bonntiful lunch done justice to, the evening was spent in song and story, and the visitors returned Yorkwards highly pleased with their entertainment. The umpires—one for two alleys—were Mr. Murphy of the City Club, Hoboken, and Mr. Abernethy of Jersey City. Appended is the score:

COLUMBIA.		ATLANTIC.	
Woods	188	Russell	168
Williams	130	Miller	183
Smith	136	Hicks	164
Sipies	180	Benson	183
Wright	139	Lancaster	122
Matthews	142	Sexton	144
McAndrew	181	H. Lancaster	176
Yeoman	162	Griffith	142
Senior	103	Cook	149
Kelly	162	Hall	144
Martin	169	Howard	168
Wilsey	145	Buck	165
Rankin	145—1622	Offelman	147—2054

THE GERMANIA.—The members of this club, with their lady friends, met at headquarters on Valentine-day, and passed a pleasant time in the exercise of bowling. The gentlemen formed into two teams, headed by C. Rust and H. Dick, and played an excellent game, which was followed by seven ladies bowling a three-inning game. The first game was won by Rust's side, with a majority of fifty pins, the Moller family, as usual, leading the score. Following is the result:

RUST'S SIDE.		DICK'S SIDE.	
C. Rust	157	H. Dick	134
H Moller	186	C. Tonges	136
C. Moller	144	Con Moller	128
P. Welshar	105	J. Moller	153
J. Meyer	165	F. Moller	142
M. Moller	117	C. Miller	146
A. Voege	148—1022	E. Voege	163—972

At the close of the match the ladies were given the use of the alleys, and displayed their skill in twists and straight balls, two of them making a three-inning score far above the average. Mrs. R. scored 42; Miss W., 35; Mrs. V., 27; Miss S., 23; Miss F., 23; Miss A., 25; and Mrs. M., 23.

THE INDEPENDENTS.—This club, which is composed of some of the wealthy residents of the Eastern District, held their weekly meeting at Kettler's on Feb. 14, and, after business was transacted, enjoyed themselves in bowling a match for a "keg." There were six in each team, and the bowling of Messrs. Pease and Harris would stand very well alongside of some of the champions' scores. The following will show for itself:

PELL'S.		CHAMBERS'.	
Harris	165	Nugent	157
McMahon	105	Kelly	139
Ford	125	McEntee	121
Close	127	Pease	181
McGrath	99	Paul	155
Pell	125—746	Chambers	125—868

THE THURSDAY NIGHTS.—A few weeks ago this club and the Moltke Club of New York played an invitation game at Heiser's, Williamsburg, and the former were victorious. The New-Yorkers, although defeated, were well pleased with the reception they received, and on last Thursday, as the club bearing that name were in full practice, they were astonished to see a large delegation of the Yorkers enter the room, one of them bearing aloft a mysterious looking package resembling an infernal machine. The "Burghers" took fright, and hid behind tables and chairs, afraid the "tam ting" would go off, and the Von Moltkes were as much surprised at the reception they received; but, fully divining the cause, the cover was removed from the package, and to the frightened Thursday Nights was disclosed a harmless white "poodle" in an elegant rose-wood case, which was presented to the club. The joke was so good that a barrel of nectar was immediately ordered, and a happy time followed.

THE HUDSON TENPIN CLUB OF WASHINGTON SQUARE.—For eleven years this club has been in existence, and on every Tuesday they meet at Wetzell's, South Washington square. The peculiarities of the club are that they are limited to twenty-five members, and, although having seven Americans in that number, they invariably bowl the German game, for which they give valuable prizes twice a year, not only to gentlemen, but also to lady bowlers, the main prize being a diamond badge. At their last election, held a few weeks ago, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: W. F. Schneider, president; F. Dey, vice-president; E. Dressler, secretary; and C. Suess, treasurer. Ex-Coroner Nelson Young and Dr. A. L. Putney are among the American members, and the Summer bowling is transferred to Ditmar's Park, Hudson City, where the prize bowling takes place.

ANOTHER NEW CLUB.—The Custer Club, named in honor of the hero of the Sioux War, organized on the Empire alleys Feb. 10 with the following officers: Wm. F. Sielkin, president; John C. Fields, vice-president; Alfred C. Waibel, secretary; J. Draper, treasurer; and W. H. Sabin, captain. The club numbers thirty members, all solid business men, who delight in the exercise and amusement bowling affords, and who will join the National Association next September.

THE GOLD MEDAL TOURNAMENT.—As THE CLIPPER is going to press, the boys are making a third effort to capture the Smith medal. The match being open to all players, and this being the last regular time for it, there will be strong exertions to get alongside of Jake Moller and McAllister, so as to have three in the tie off-game. A full report of the struggle will appear in our next issue.

THE ATHLETICS are not letting the dust settle on the balls, for they are continually bowling, not alone on the alleys at the club-room, but on the alleys where they are liable to be taken if the Nassaus win the toss. On Friday night last the regular team, with E. Anderson and J. Moller of the Pin Knights as coachers, made an immense score, the lowest man's being 175.

THE EMPIRE CLUB.—Having no desire to be last in the race and receive the leather medal, this club is getting ready for their game with the Columbias, and on Friday night last, in a practice game, they averaged 172 to each man of the team.

BROADWAY CLUB.—On their last practice night the individual scoring was very high, Major Fulton of Creedmoor fame, Smith, and others making 200 pins each. The team is now equal to any in the Eastern District.

THE ONTARIO BOWLING CLUB was recently organized at Oswego, N. Y., and the first game was to have been rolled on the 16th inst.

EATING MACARONI BY THE MILE.—In an Italian restaurant in this city, says *The California Advertiser*, Giacomo Sporcogambi made a wager with Signor Nonposso Bevere that he could eat 100 yards more macaroni than the latter. Mr. Sporcogambi ate his first mile in twenty-two minutes, leaving his opponent 214 yards behind. The stakes were handed over to him.

R. A. PENNELL is preparing himself physically for the attempt to hold in his hands a 1,000-pound cannon while it is fired, the feat to be performed at a coming athletic entertainment in this city. Specimens of the rifle as to what will be the penalty he may be made to pay for what some characterize a foolhardy undertaking.

MILLER VS. TREHER.—An agreement has been entered into between William Miller and Ernest Treher to wrestle in Greco-Roman style at the Metropolitan Riding Academy, Third avenue and Sixty-third street, this (Tuesday) evening, Feb. 20. Miller defeated Treher in Canada.

A CURLING MATCH between the members of the Thistle and New Caledonia Clubs, two rinks, was contested at St. John, N. B., Feb. 15. The latter ten won by a score of 42 to 35.

CHESS.—There is a letter in our care for Mr. Bird.

THE TURF.

BOARD OF APPEALS.

The meeting of the Board of Appeals of the Atlantic District of the National Trotting Association was held at the New York Hotel, this city, during the past week, the Convention being in regular session five days. This was the first sitting of the districts under the reorganization of the Board. The Atlantic District comprises the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, and the District of Columbia. The Eastern District is comprised of the New England States and the Dominion of Canada. The Central District comprises Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, and all the States south of Virginia and Kentucky. The Western District is composed of the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Iowa, and Texas. All disputed trotting cases occurring in these States are now adjudicated upon by the district Boards to which they belong, instead of, as heretofore, by the Board of Appeals of the National Association.

Charles Hutchinson of Utica, first vice-president of the Association, presided, the other members present being Edwin Thorne, Dutchess Co., N. Y.; George Sturgess, Philadelphia; J. Hamlin, Buffalo; Gates H. Barnard, Troy; W. M. Parks, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Chas. W. Hayes, Washington, D. C. The most interesting and important cases adjudicated upon were as follows: Jacob Wenzell, Springfield, Mass., vs. the Brooklyn Driving Park (M. Williams & Sons, proprietors). Mr. Wenzell asked the expulsion of the buckskin mare Maggie S. on the ground that, under the name of Rachel, she had fraudulently trotted in and won the 2:40 race at Brooklyn Driving Park last October, in which the applicant had a mare that would otherwise have won. Applicant protested the race, but had lost the first heat, being confident that she was not the mare Rachel, but none other than Maggie S., who had a record of 2:26. The latter mare is owned by F. De Camp of Newark, and Rachel by his brother-in-law, M. De Camp, Rachel being changed by substituting Maggie S. in the race in question. Very contradictory testimony was given as to the characters of the brothers De Camp, and some hard swearing indulged in. The Board referred the whole matter to a special committee for further investigation, pending which the parties and mare now under suspension are reinstated. Hiram W. Howe applied for removal of sentence of expulsion for having entered the horse Delhi, at Point Breeze Park, in the 2:45 race, which he won and received first money, it subsequently transpiring that Delhi was the horse Flash, that had trotted at Pimlico Park in 2:37. Howe, on this fact becoming known, returned the money, $750, to the Association, and claimed that Delhi was sent to his stable by Charles N. Kemplin of Brooklyn as a green horse, and he so believed him to be. The Board, believing that Howe had no guilty knowledge of the fraud, removed the penalty of expulsion, and fully reinstated him. The owner of the horse, Charles N. Kemplin, and his driver, W. S. Thoms, were both reinstated, as they were both ignorant of the entry of Delhi at Prospect Park. Dan and Ben Mace applied for the removal of sentence of expulsion imposed on them by the Prospect Fair Grounds Association, Brooklyn, for non-payment of entries of the horses Crown Prince, Sensation, and Nellie Walton. The facts developed on the trial conclusively proved that the Association received the entries of the above horses "conditionally," and the Board granted the petitioners' application, and relieved them from the payment of the entrance fee or penalties. C. H. Van Ness of Brooklyn made a similar appeal from sentence of expulsion by the same Association for non-payment of entrance money for horse Compeer. The Board decided that the Association had acted illegally in receiving the entry as "conditional," and granted the petitioner the relief sought. James Dougrey of Troy versus the Washington (D. C.) Driving Park Association: The petitioner entered and started a horse in a race with two other entries, but it was subsequently discovered that both the latter were fraudulent. In the race Dougrey's horse was distanced in the first heat, and after the race both the other horses were expelled. Dougrey now sought the return of his own entrance money, and one-half the entrance fees, which he was entitled to, as if the race had been a walkover. The Board granted the application, and made the order desired. Alden Goldsmith applied for the removal of expulsion against him and his horse Driver, passed by the Washington, D. C., Driving Park Association (F. B. Hill, proprietor). He had entered Driver and Oscar in the 2:30 and 2:35 classes, respectively, in October, when only two purses out of eleven filled. He therefore claimed that Mr. Hill was not bound to hold a meeting, and that he (Goldsmith) was not required to attend. Special notice was sent to Mr. Goldsmith that the purses in which he was interested had been filled, and, in consequence of this, the Board declined to grant Mr. Goldsmith's application. A great many other cases were investigated and decided upon by the Board.

GALLOPING MATCH FOR $1,000.—A novel match was decided at the Abbey Hay Park Trotting Track, Gorton, near Manchester, Eng., Jan. 31. Mr. Hall's Tommy and Mr. Parson's Flying Collier being engaged to gallop ten miles in harness for £100 a side. To complete the distance, the course required to be traversed twenty times, and soon after twelve o'clock, the hour fixed upon for the start, the horses were despatched on their journey. Tommy, who had the inside position, immediately dashing to the front. The race may be described in a few words; for, although Flying Collier kept close up with his opponent for a mile and a half, Tommy drew away from that point, and ultimately won, without being headed, by about 600 yards, the time being 28min. 25sec.

A WELL-KNOWN TURFMAN GONE.—James. E. Post, a prominent Orange County horseman, and extensively known as a poolseller ontrotting races throughout the United States, died suddenly on Saturday morning, Feb. 17, at his residence at Middletown, N. Y. The cause of his death was disease of the heart. His age was 57 years. Among the many good trotting horses that he owned was the famous trotting stallion Tormentor, who was sent to Kentucky, and got some very promising stock previous to his sudden death there, some three years ago.

SALE OF LEVER.—Mr. D. Swigert, of Stockwood Farm, Spring Station, Ky., has been induced to purchase the thoroughbred stallion Lever, by Lexington out of Levity by Trustee, in consequence of the remarkable promise his stock exhibits. Mahlstick was the first of his produce ever trained, and Mr. Swigert won with him the Two-year-old Stakes at Lexington, last Fall, beating a field of eight, in 51¾ easily.

A TROT FOR £400, between Mr. Page's Nobby and Mr. Randall's brown cob came off near Chichester, Eng., Jan. 19. Nobby was conceded a start of one hundred yards, and led by more than that distance at the end of the three miles.

LADY MOSCOW, owned by Mr. Hodgkins, made an attempt to trot sixteen miles in an hour, for a bet of £15 to £10 on time, at the Bow Grounds, London, Eng., Jan. 29. The mare won in 59:20.

DIFFICULTIES having arisen in the way of obtaining a renewal of the lease of a portion of the ground inclosed at Beacon Park, Boston, Mass., a change in the location of some of the stables is necessary.

PEDESTRIANISM.

O'LEARY vs. SMYTHE AND BIGGS.

A six days' walk, in which Dan O'Leary offered £100 as an inducement for Biggs and Smythe to compete against him, commenced at the Admiral-street Skating Rink, Toxteth Park, Liverpool, Eng., on Monday, Jan. 29. The track had been widened to 5ft. 6in., and, measured 18in. from the inside edge, was 586 6 9ft. in circumference, or nine laps to the mile. At ten minutes past twelve the judges (Messrs. Cooper, Cox, and a gentleman amateur) dispatched O'Leary and Biggs on their journey, the latter at once running to the front; but he only retained the lead for three laps, when O'Leary passed him, and finished the first mile ten yards in front, in 9min. 9sec., Biggs' time being 9min. 13sec. All night the wind blew a perfect hurricane, and heavy falls of hail and rain fell at intervals. During the day the same boisterous weather prevailed, but did not militate very much against the attendance. At noon O'Leary had walked fifty-four miles against his opponent's fifty-one miles. As the day progressed O'Leary gradually but surely continued adding to his score, and at eight o'clock the "board" indicated over seventy-five miles to O'Leary and sixty-six miles to Biggs, the last-named thus early in the race showing symptoms of distress. On Wednesday night at twelve o'clock, Biggs finished his share in the match, when 133 miles had been placed to his credit. At the same time O'Leary had walked 212 miles, and, remaining at that day, shortly after eight o'clock, the wind carried away the temporary boarding covering the outside portion of the rink; but, fortunately, neither of the pedestrians was in that immediate locality, though on the track. Some time was lost in clearing away the debris and refixing the covering. In the evening there was a very large crowd assembled. At ten minutes past twelve Smythe started on his journey, and some really fine walking now took place between the two men. Shortly after ten o'clock on Thursday night Smythe had walked eighty miles, which, with this distance walked by Biggs—133—made a total of 213 miles. O'Leary, at the same time, had walked 280 miles, both going in good form. On Friday nothing of importance transpired. As the evening advanced the public filled the rink, when both men warmed to their work, and some fine walking was indulged in, amidst the deafening applause of a large attendance. O'Leary was accompanied by J. S. Robson of Liverpool, Smythe's interests being watched over by Young Booth. Up to nine o'clock that night, when our latest advices were mailed, O'Leary had walked 336 miles, and Smythe 144 miles, the former thus having 59 miles in hand.

ATHLETIC MEETING.—We understand that there has been a very general response to the call of J. Marion Pollock, in connection with a prize athletic tournament to take place under his direction at the Metropolitan Riding Academy, this city, on Thursday, March 1. The programme embraces runs of 75, 440, and 880yds., and 1 mile and 3 mile walks, a 120 ds. hurdle-race, throwing the hammer, putting the shot, and running broad and high jumping. The successful competitors will be awarded gold and silver medals. It is open to all amateurs, and entries are to close Feb. 22.

A ONE-MILE MATCH, to be run on Easter Monday, has been made by W. J. Hume of this city and Irvine of Yonkers, for $100 a side. Hume will be fitted for the contest by Jack Goulding, at the Metropolitan Riding Academy. Goulding has Watson, Connor, Alexander and others under his care.

LESTER DOLE, now in England, attended at a place named by J. Hurley in London for the purpose of making a match, but the latter did not make his appearance, and now Dole challenges Hurley to walk a four-mile match.

THE MATCH between Peter Crossland and Daniel O'Leary, to walk three hundred miles for £100 a side, is to commence at the Royal Pomona Palace, Cornbrook, near Manchester, Eng., Feb. 28.

JAMES HARRIS of Woodstock, Ontario, is reported to have defeated "Robert Johnson" of Stockton, Cal., a few days ago, in a race of two hundred yards. Time, 21¾sec.

JOHN HAYDOCK is notified that a letter awaits him in our care.

W. DOLE will please call or send for a letter addressed to him in our care.

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CLARIBEL ST. CLAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

Her name was Claribel St. Clair,
According to the bill,
And she was most surprising fair,
And very versatile,
And when I heard her silvery voice
It made my being thrill!

'Twas at the Jones Varieties
I saw this lovely girl;
Her manner could not fail to please
The most dyspeptic churl;
And when she smiled her lips disclosed
A set of teeth like pearl.

And for the brightness of her eyes
Comparisons are tame;
There's not a star in all the skies
That shines with such a flame;
And when I say that I was struck,
You'll understand the same.

In gorgeous manner she was dressed,
Her robe was richest silk,
And not to show as white a breast
As Orange County milk;
And any man was bound to love
A maiden of her ilk.

I cannot tell the songs she sung,
Albeit they were soft and sweet;
And when she said her heart was wrung,
And called the world a cheat,
I found it very difficult
Indeed to keep my seat.

And when she told about a youth
Who sailed the raging sea,
And praised his valor and his truth
Upon a high-pitched key,
I would have given both my eyes
Had she thus sung of me!

Now, when the show was at an end,
I rose up from my chair,
And sought an old, theatric friend,
And told him, then and there,
That I would drown myself or know
Miss Claribel St. Clair.

At which he smiled as odd a smile
As ever I have seen,
And whistled to himself the while,
With countenance serene,
And then conducted me unto
The room they call the green.

And there I found Miss Clari.el—
Miss Claribel St. Clair—
And I have only this to tell:
She was not young nor fair;
Her face was thin, her nose was red,
And redder still her hair.

I most respectfully declined
Her offer to "set down,"
And speedily made up my mind
Twould be unwise to drown
For Claribel St. Clair, whose name
Was Mary Ann McGown!

BOSTON TOM;
OR,
THE STORY OF A CONVICT.

CHAPTER IV.
DANCING AND DEPORTMENT.

So far in the heart of the city as to make one doubt whether it has not got clean beyond the heart and gone over to the other side, stands a set of private houses, at sight of which the rare and casual stranger wonders what manner of people they be who dwell therein. Their only knowledge of London squares and the aristocracy must be derived from America square, to which the street is a near neighbor. Their knowledge of life must be taken from the folks heard by them, and from the Thames, which flows within a stone's-throw of their doors, its fresh freights from India and far Cathay. They have the Tower of London for a subject of perpetual contemplation; and by penetrating Thames street they may sometimes make acquaintance with the exteriors of those who come from the unknown glories of the western land—from the golden Babylon and the dusky meadows of fair Tyburnia. But wherever they fare in search of the unknown and the picturesque, their lives are settled where there is a steady calm in the midst of turmoil. The outer world seems to belong not to them, nor its troubles; its fiercer joys they know not; the battle rages round them, but not in their midst; and the citizens who dwell in Yendo street are a peaceful folk, mostly poor and nearly all contented. Half-way up the street, on the left-hand side, is a house which, exactly like the rest in all other respects, differs from them in a look of extreme cleanliness, which, with a freshness of green paint, makes it stand out from the unlighted row. A house which claims the attention due to respectability of a high order. On the door is a large brass plate, on which is inscribed:

"M. Lemire, Professor of Dancing, Calisthenics, and Deportment;" and on a large card in the front window appears the same statement, followed by h daring assertion that "references are permitted to the highest nobility, Gentry, and Proprietors of schools in the Kingdom." Side by side with this placard was another of smaller dimensions, with the simple word "Lodgings" upon it; for Professor Lemire added to his artistic pursuit the business of letting lodgings, whenever lodgers should be induced by the voice of fame, or by a calm consideration of the advantages to be derived, to avail themselves for a time in the neighborhood of America square. It is proper to explain that hitherto—that is, since the hoisting of the placard, which was in a manner a flag of distress—no lodger had yet knocked at the door except one, and he had been, financially speaking, a failure. So the professor, albeit retaining the placard, thought little of his lodgings, and looked to his art for daily bread.

Art, however, at the east end of the city makes a precarious livelihood; there were a few private schools, where the professor's services were required at a very moderate remuneration, and a sprinkling of pupils could be got together to form a Winter class, to which he yearly looked forward with hopes always doomed to disappointment. The dapper little dancing-master made out of all a very slender income indeed, and the family table was frugal all the year round. The professor was in this year, 1855, of which we write, between forty and fifty years of age His father and his grandfather had been dancing-masters before him, in the same locality, when the west-end was wealthy merchants living there, and dancing was a serious accomplishment. His son Rupert, he said, should try other fields; but for him—his lines were fixed. Professor Lemire was of Huguenot descent, and among the family treasures was the old sword which had been drawn at the great siege of La Rochelle; but all the warrior blood must have become exhausted at the period when the professor saw the light, for a more soft-hearted, tender, and sympathetic creature did not exist. He was a small, thin and wiry man; he had a clean-shaven face, bright black eyes and black hair; he dressed in black, too, with clothes fitting tight to his elastic limbs, and his only peculiarity—he was proud of his irreproachable linen. Madame Lemire was an Englishwoman, who had conquered the youthful professor's heart by an extraordinary devotion to his own art, in which, however, her success was but moderate. She was taller, and a great deal heavier than her husband, a circumstance which she would also as tender-hearted. And she was prolific; no fewer than twelve children graced the board on which the family meals were spread, and often spread in an unsatisfactory manner. The children were all named in accordance with ancient Huguenot custom—either after old leaders of the cause, or after the Bible. The boys were Rupert, Gaspard, Moise, Elie, and so on; the girls were Antoinette, Charlotte, Rebekah and Marie. They were carefully instructed in the religion and language of their ancestors, so that they were bilingual, and talked French as well as English. They were also trained to consider that the queen and empress of all arts was the art of dancing; that to dance well was a gift given to few, but to be aimed at by all; and that their father was the greatest living master of the mystery. The eldest of them, Rupert, promised to surpass his sire. Before he could walk he could dance. Before he could run he showed capabilities with his legs, which brought tears of joy to his father's eyes. Long before he knew that speech may be represented, for purposes of persuasion, history, deceit, or love-making, by certain symbols called the alphabet, Rupert Lemire could reach a foot and a half above his own height with either toe, right or left; could lift either leg—not even leg only, mind you, but head of every boy his own height; and could treat every limb in his body as if it were an independent organ, free to act exactly as it pleased, and unfettered by any of the ordinary laws of anatomy. He was taller by four or five inches than the father. He was eighteen years of age. There was nothing in the whole mystery of dancing which his father had to teach him; there was no harlequin at Christmas pantomimes at whom he did not secretly scoff in considering his own powers. He regarded dancing as the highest of all the arts, as has been said; and yet there was one thing wanting. Much as he loved the art, he loved the ocean more—that is, he burned to love it more, because he had never seen it; and it went to his parents' hearts to see the boy of so much promise rejoice in putting off the tight professional pants, and rush to the docks among the ships and sailors, clad in a suit of blue flannels, trying to look like the oldest of salts.

The second in order to Rupert was Antoinette. If it may be spoken of Mlle. Lemire with all respect, she was, for elasticity and mastery over her joints, almost the equal of Rupert. She was seventeen, and her function was to go to the ladies' school with her father, and help in teaching the girls. She was a great favorite, because, when she could get a clear, large, and no eyes but the girls' to watch her, she could execute all sorts of impossible things in dancing by herself. A clever girl, she had received from nature a mobile and sympathetic face—a face which exactly reproduced that of the first Lemire hanging on the wall, the banished Huguenot; this old fellow, with the fan which tried to be grim and was grimming over with fun. In fact, Antoinette, who was, like Rupert, a dancer born, resembled Michel Lemire, formerly merchant of Saintes, as much as a daughter can resemble her father. As for the other children, they were like each other, in being, one and all, devoted to the art of dancing. Under ordinary children would have played games, the little Lemires played at dancing. When there was no school, the professor taught his children; all day long the sound of the kit was heard from the class-room, and the beating of the childish feet upon the floor, as one after the other practiced, and was instructed.

There was one other inhabitant of the house, a young lady, a girl of Rupert's age—that is, one year older than Nettie Lemire and three years older than poor little Charlotte—the cripple of the family, a bright-faced, brown-eyed, brown-haired maiden, of tall and lissom figure, bright of eye, ready with speech and smile, happy in little things, the real sister of the children, the real daughter of the professor, the right hand of madame. Her name was Ruth Warneford. Eight years before this date, when she was a child of ten years old, she was brought to the house by a servant, who said that she came from the house of Batterick & Baldwin; that this was the child about whom the correspondence had taken place, and that the box contained all her things. So she was left. At that time a dreadful thing had happened to the child, but she was too young yet quite to realize how dreadful a thing it was. She had lost her only brother. When she grew older and began to understand things, she comprehended that he had disgraced himself and was not to prison; but no one told her the story. It was Mr. Baldwin, the man whose name George Warneford had forged, who took her, friendless and deserted, from the lodgings in Kennington and sent her to Professor Lemire to be brought up with his children. He left her there because he found she was well treated and happy; and when she grew older he gave her a caution which appeared to the little girl harsh and stern—never to breathe a word of her brother, never to think of him, and never to hope to see him again. The child obeyed, and among the other children only spoke of her brother, if she spoke of him at all, as one who had "gone away." She was grown up now, and she knew, alas! whither he had gone. He had not passed away from her heart, but he was become a name, the mention of which touched some forgotten chord, and brought a feeling of ineffable sadness upon her soul. But that was seldom.

Ruth was at work now. She was a governess, earning her own little income, and paying the good people who were her second parents her own share of the household expenses. Mr. Baldwin wished her to be independent. "You will be happier so," he said; "work is good for the soul. I hear nothing but good of you, young lady; work hard, and eat the bread of industry. If you fall into ill-health, if you meet with any bad fortune, if you fall through any misfortune, come at once to me; I wish to help you, for the sake of your father, and of one" —— here the old man's voice faltered for a moment—"one who was dear to me years ago, and who promised great things; but the promise was not kept. God bless you, Ruth Warneford!"

The girl understood that it was her brother—he who was gone—whom Mr. Baldwin had once loved, and she went away shamefaced. So that the shadow of this crime rested upon many hearts. The wreck of one poor human ship upon the ocean of life somehow drags down with it so many others; the sudden storm in which George Warneford went down disabled half-a-dozen gallant craft.

So Ruth Warneford became a visiting governess. The neighborhood of America square would not at first sight appear to offer the most desirable opening for such a profession. But then, if your ambition is bounded by the sum of eighteen pence an hour at the outside; if you do not mind trudging a mile or two from house to house; if you are ready to begin work at eight, and leave off at six; if you do not look for pupils more genteel than the children of respectable tradesmen: and if you have youth and hope—you may find America square by no means a bad place as a base of operations. Ruth not only toiled all day when clients came, but, when business was slack, filled up her time by teaching the younger members of the Lemire family; and the earnings of the girl were useful, and helped out the income of the family. Indeed, had it not been for Ruth, the dinner of soup and vegetables must often have been exchanged for the dinner of dry bread; for times were growing very hard with the professor. A dreary life for the girl! hard work from morning till night, and yet she endured it, and was happy. She had no holidays, and never went anywhere; still she was happy—happy until one day came which shattered her little Castle of Delight.

It happened through her taking the post—which she thought great promotion—of organist at St. Ethelred's Church.

CHAPTER V.
MY BROTHER'S SIN.

As organist of St. Ethelred's, Ruth had the privilege of practicing in the church on such afternoons as were available. She used to secure the services of one of the younger Lemires, generally Charlotte, as blower; and it was at such times her rarest pleasure to sit before the grand old organ for long hours playing till the evening shadows turned the obscurities of the old church into deep blackness and softened the stiff outlines of the kneeling marble figures, St. Ethelred's is a church spared by the Great Fire, and half-forgotten when it was a mark of grace to destroy the images of the dead. Here lie the mortal remains of many a dead lord-mayor and alderman; here, kneeling gravely opposite each other, are the effigies of knight and dame; here is a Crusader with his legs crossed; here is the mitred abbot, the crozier turned away from his face to mark that he was no bishop, but yet greater than one in the administration of his immense revenues; here are monuments of all the centuries, from the fourteenth, stiff and mannered, but with lace-like, delicate tracing, and once with bright colors, now all faded and forgotten, to the sprawling, useless tombs of the last century. There will be no more monuments in the old church, and, in course of time, the desecrating hand of the city architect will remove the venerable stones and the monuments, to make room for a new street, or to build new city offices. But foremost among the tombs at present is that of old Alderman Sowerbutts. St. Ethelred's is as an undedicated describer might fairly put it, two churches side by side. The scanty congregation sit in the right-hand church, which faces the altar, and in the north side stand the tombs, except a few of the older ones, which are in the south wall. The tomb of Alderman Sowerbutts occupies a large part of the north aisle to itself. It is a striking monument, containing many tons of marble, and surrounded by gilt railings. The worthy alderman died in the year 1691, just about the period when benevolence, as shown in the establishment of almshouses and institutions of charitable education, seemed to be at its height. He came into the bulk of his fortune should be expended in the maintenance, first, of houses for the reception of twelve widows of liverymen from his own guild; and secondly, of a school where twenty boys and twenty girls, born in the parish of St. Ethelred, should receive a sound Protestant education, free of all charges. This was very noble, and pleased everybody, except the lawful heirs of Alderman Sowerbutts, who, for some generations afterwards, gnashed their teeth when they passed the church of St. Ethelred. There was another provision in the will of the testator, by which it was directed that the rector of the parish, accompanied by his churchwardens, the trustees, the clerk, the schoolmaster, and six of the boys, should, once a year, visit the church, open the tomb, and satisfy themselves that he—the deceased alderman—was actually there in the flesh, and not removed. Why this mortal dread of being taken out of the grave assailed the alderman, it is impossible to explain. But the fact is so, and until a very few years ago the annual procession was made with great solemnity.

The church, old as it was, standing two feet below the street level, and four feet below the level of its little churchyard, piled high with the dust of five-and-twenty articulately speaking generations, was Ruth Warneford's private sanctum, when she could spare an hour. She and little Charlotte, the lame girl, would sit in the quiet old place by themselves, alone and silent, watching the light from the painted windows play upon the deserted aisles, or talking in whispers, or the child would pump the bellows while Ruth played. They let themselves into the church by the vestry-door, and were secure against any chance visitors, for while the busy city rushed to and fro among the alleys outside, in a mural corner of green England, no country churchyard in the wildest country district, could pass the solitude and loneliness of this old city place of worship, on any afternoon in the week.

Stay, there was one visitor. Ruth Warneford kept the Saturday afternoons for organ practice; any other day's freedom was a holiday, to be sure, but a holiday which made an inroad upon her slender purse. Twenty years ago the Saturday half-holiday was a thing just beginning to be talked about. Shops would not hear of it. Merchants, as a rule, thought it a robbery of time due to them. Clerks hardly hoped to get it. But here was a clerk at least, John Wybrow by name, a member of St. Ethelred's choir, who must have got his Saturday half-holiday regularly. He never missed looking in at the church at four o'clock on that day, when Ruth was playing over the hymns for the following day's service, and little Charlotte sat behind, plying the pump-handle with an attentive eye to the position of the little ball at the end of the string, and listening while the roll of the mighty music echoed along the walls, and high in the rafters of the roof.

John Wybrow came every Saturday for nearly a year, and it was natural that he, being a member of the choir, and their most useful tenor—in fact, their only tenor—should like to try his part over beforehand; and who so able to help him as the organist? The visit might, therefore, be regarded as official, and performed in the discharge of duty. So far it was professional enough. Ruth, who was not yet eighteen when she became organist, at a salary of twenty pounds a year, at first regarded the appearance of the tenor, who was then about twenty-two, entirely in this light, being in no way put to confusion by the fact that he was young, good-looking, and of the opposite sex, which had nothing to do with the case. Then she told the girl that he loved her. Yet his hand-pressure grew always warmer, his voice grew always softer, his eyes rested always longer upon Ruth's fair head, and he became every week more and more the brightness and joy of her life. If this does not constitute love on both sides, what does? Yet the girl never thought of anything being said to alter the sweetness of this innocent paradise; and the young man, for some reason, refrained from speaking the word which should break the spell.

But the spell was broken, and rudely.

It was Saturday afternoon in early Autumn. The splendor of the season showed itself on country-sides in waving fields of ripened corn, in apple-orchards ruddy with this fruit, in woods where the trees seem to hang down their heavy foliage in the still heat, as if weary with excess of pleasure. In London it showed itself by hot and glaring streets, by announcements of cool drinks in public-houses, and by a smell as of an immense bakery, where in the children's sand-pits, the cabbage-talks, the orange-peel, and the general refuse of a great city were being cooked in one large oven. In the church of St. Ethelred it showed itself by an unwonted splendor of the painted glass. The colors which fell on the tombs and monuments were brighter than usual; the knight and dame who knelt opposite to each other, with hands clasped at head and foot of their common grave, received the crimson rays upon their heads, and lost for a while the rigidity by which their sculptor had tried to represent dignity. The sunlight played upon the organ beside the altar, and fell in a cloud of color upon the patient face of poor little Charlotte Lemire, who was left there alone thinking. On the steps of the organ-loft sat, side by side, John Wybrow and Ruth Warneford. Mark, that he has not spoken a word of love; nor has she thought of love; yet they sat like lovers, only not hand in hand.

The young man has been telling the girl of places which he knows, not far away, where stretch meadows covered with flowers from Spring to late Autumn—the golden buttercup, the meadow-sweet, the wild convolvulus, and the cowslip—where there are streams and cornfields.

"Some day, Ruth, we will go and see them. Some day, when I am my own master." He added the last words under his breath.

"Ah!" she sighed, "I have no holiday. It is wrong to be always wishing for things; but oh! John, I do sometimes long for a little change—just a few days in the country, such as I used to have when I was a little girl, before —— long ago. It would be something to think of in the Winter evenings, you see, especially if I thought I could go again."

"Poor Ruth! Poor child! I wish I could do something for you; but I cannot yet. I am only a clerk now. Will you have a little more patience?"

"Now you will think I am complaining. But indeed, indeed, I am not. I am very happy. I am sure I ought to be. Only now and then, when the sun is hot and the streets are close, and when young gentlemen like Mr. John Wybrow tell me of beautiful places, where rich peopelcan wander and see sweet things—why, then, you see, it is hard not to feel a little, just a little, discontented, and what ought poor little Charlotte to be?"

"Poor Charlotte!"

"Look at her, John. She will sit there so long as I let her. To be in the quiet church soothes her nerves; she cannot hear the noise of the other children—she is happiest here. If I were a cripple, do you think I should be so patient as that poor child?"

Ruth shook her little head with a gesture of self-reproach.

What further line the conversation might have taken cannot safely be asserted, because it was then interrupted by a great trampling of feet, and noise of men in the church-porch.

"It is time for evening service," said Ruth. "Let us sit here quietly and we shall see it all. The railings of the tomb are opened."

The doors were flung open, and there marched up the aisle a procession. First came the beadle, with the gold stick of office. He was followed by the rector in full canonicals. After him, somewhat marring the effect of the whole thing, came the clerk. After the clergy followed the laity, consisting of two trustees, the schoolmaster and a tail of six boys. A stray gentleman, not belonging to the procession, came in after the rest, and at sight of him both the spectators on the steps of the organ-loft started, and one of them, the young man, changed color.

"There is Mr. Baldwin, my benefactor," said Ruth quietly. She did not look up, or she would have seen John Wybrow turn pale and then flush crimson.

Mr. Baldwin, leaning on a stick, seemed to be watching the ceremony at the monument. This took ten minutes or so, when the procession reformed, and marched solemnly out of the church again. An old woman, one of the almshouse widows, left the doors open for the stranger, who remained behind. Mr. Baldwin, who did not appear to be in any hurry, began to look round the church, taking the monuments one by one.

"I must wait till he comes this way and speak to him," said Ruth.

John Wybrow bit his lips, but said nothing. He stood upright, arms folded, in an attitude which might have meant defiance.

The old gentleman, adjusting his glasses, came slowly along the north wall, reading the inscriptions and looking at the tombs. Ruth watched him with a smile of amusement.

"How surprised he will be to see me here," she whispered.

He was surprised. In his surprise he looked, when he came upon the pair, from one to the other, dropping his glasses.

"John! Ruth Warneford!" he said. "What is this? what is there?"

Ruth stepped forward with a pretty laugh.

"You are in my church, Mr. Baldwin," she said. "I am organist here."

He looked more surprised than ever. Angry, too.

"Explain this, John," he said, without answering the girl.

Then Ruth began to feel that there was something wrong.

"There is nothing to explain, sir," said John. "This is Miss Warneford, whom you know. She is organist at St. Ethelred's. I sing here in the choir."

"So," said Mr. Baldwin, "that is all, is it?"

John Wybrow hesitated for a moment. Then he stepped forward to where Ruth was standing.

"No, sir," he said; "that is not all. This young lady knows me by my name, but she does not know that I am your nephew—that fact I have never told her. She learns it now for the first time."

"You have told her that?" repeated Mr. Baldwin to Ruth, "for the first time?"

The words rang in the girl's ear like a warning.

"In your presence, sir, and in this sacred place, I venture to tell her, also for the first time, that I love her."

"That you love her!" repeated Mr. Baldwin. He took a seat on the steps of the pulpit, and looked at the girl with the eyes of pity. "That you love her! Poor girl! Poor girl!"

"And in your presence I ask her if she will marry me. Ruth, dear Ruth, forgive this rough speech, but my uncle forces it upon me. I know your goodness, your patience, and your trials. Come to me, my darling, and forget the trouble in a husband's love. Ruth, come!"

He had taken her by the hand and would have drawn her towards him, but she looked in Mr. Baldwin's face.

"Your nephew?" she faltered.

"My nephew!" he replied.

"Ruth, my darling, come!"

She might have gone—she might have taken that single step, and fallen upon the breast that was yearning for her, but for the look in the old man's eyes.

"Remember!" he said solemnly.

"Do not remember!" cried John passionately. "You have remembered long enough. It is cruel to remember longer. What has the past to do with the present?"

"Everything," said Mr. Baldwin sadly—"everything. Ruth Warneford, I do not blame you. It is not your fault that my nephew has met you. It is his that you did not know what kind of conduct his has been towards you."

"What conduct his has been!" repeated the young man fiercely.

"Ask that in ten years' time, if I am living, and if you have found time to reflect. Girl! between you and my nephew there stands a ghost—the shadow of a great wrong."

"Alas! I know it," sobbed Ruth. "I know it."

"There is no ghost. It is the dream of a morbid brain, dwelling too much on things long gone and forgotten," said the young man. "Ruth, come out of the shadows into the light."

"What was done by one of your blood eight years ago separates you from me and mine unto the third and fourth generation," said the old man.

"What was done yesterday matters nothing to-day," pleaded the young man. "Ruth! do you think I have not known your story? Long the tale of George Warneford has been familiar to me—since I was a boy at school. What has it to do with you and me, and with our love?"

"It stands between you," said his uncle.

All the time Ruth looked steadily at the old man. There was no hope there, only a stern justice, before which she trembled.

"I have been kind to you, Ruth Warneford," he said; "what the world calls kind. But let that pass. Remember, however, that it pains me even to hear your name pronounced. I shall not relax in whatever help you may want; but I ask you, in return, that this little thing—to send this young man away."

A little thing! Why, all in a moment, when John took her hand in his, she knew that it was her life, her happiness, her all, that she was asked to give up. She made no reply.

"The idle attachments of youth," Mr. Baldwin went on, still sitting judicially on the pulpit-stairs, while the guilty pair stood before him, "the idle attachments of youth are quickly made and quickly forgotten. You will laugh at this in a month, Ruth."

"Ruth!" the other pleaded. "Ruth! remember our happy days together in this old church; our evenings at your home; the sweet talk that we have held together—are these to go for nothing?"

"What is love?" asked the old man, "that it is to override the most sacred obligations and make duty a mockery? Children, could you prosper with the memory of the past ever before you?"

"Your nephew?" she faltered.

"My nephew!" he replied.

"Ruth, my darling, come!"

She might have gone—she might have taken that single step, and fallen upon the breast that was yearning for her, but for the look in the old man's eyes.

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"What conduct his has been!" repeated the young man fiercely.

"Ask that in ten years' time.

BALLINASLOE.

O Ballinasloe! wherever I go
In all the wide world, far over the sea,
No place I have seen with the green so green,
The maidens so lovely, the boys so free.
There's one that I know in Ballinasloe,
She's young and she's true—ah! the best is she;
Her eyes are as bright as heaven's pure light—
Och! Ballinasloe is the place for me.

There, under a tree on Kilconnel lea,
Young Kate and I, sitting as blithe as could be,
The time seemed to fly, no cloud in the sky;
But our vows I'm not telling to you, d'ye see!
'Twas song without words, like carol of birds,
Like music that plays in the stream or the tree,
That sings in the corn on a light breezy morn—
Och! Ballinasloe is the place for me.

I've wandered afar in lands of the Czar,
I've sailed in the storm on many a sea;
I've seen cities old with shrines all of gold,
The Pope and the Sultan as both used to be;
I've seen mountains stand, so mighty and grand,
All covered with snow—real beauty to see;
But where'er I roam, the green fields of home
Sing: Ballinasloe is the place for me.

And now I return to where I was born,
First gem of the ocean, best flow'r of the sea;
The boys have no care, the maidens are fair,
And Kitty, the fairest, is waiting for me.
Och! Kate, gra-ma-chree, of Kilconnel lea,
The best and the dearest of any degree;
Sure, quick I will bring the priest and the ring
To give pretty Kitty the darling, to me.

BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

EXCELSIOR.

Gruff the actor, whose line is "first old men," met his long-time friend Smiles the clown, the other day, with the salute:

"Well, Joey, how's things?"

"First-rate, my jolly Mummer."

"And the boy and girl?" asked the actor.

To which the veteran of the motley made answer: "Both are rising in the world. Jim's making balloon ascensions, and Molly's on the flying-trapeze."

OPERA-BOUFFE.

When Stephen the critic learned that Shrewd—Abraham Isaac Shrewd—was about to produce a very naughty opera-bouffe, he expostulated with him, saying:

"How dare you put it on? It is loud, very broad, and I don't think your audiences and us critics will stand it."

Abraham Isaac shut one eye, placed his finger on his nose, and, winking knowingly with the other optic, replied:

"My poy, dat ish all right. Don't you see?—I shall do ter opera in French, and none of the critics will understhand it."

FLOWERY.

(Agent of prima donna and reigning favorite leaving the "Star of the Evening" at the stage-door.)

"Ah, by the way, madame, shall I get new bouquets to-night?"

Prompt response of the artist, with some asperity:

"New flowers to-night? What extravagance! Most assuredly not. Throw on the ones that were used last night. I will send them around to the front of the house."

Agent, with an expostulating tone, responds:

"Those flowers have been used now till the leaves are all dropping out."

The sweet singer "settles it" by banging the door and exclaiming with acidity:

"The houses have dropped more than the leaves!"

Agent of the vocal queen "drops" himself, and starts for the box-office to write an advertisement for a morning paper, headed: "Overwhelming success!" etc.

SPIRITUOUS.

Mr. Budge Utility made a large number of calls on New-Year's Day. In the evening, when he came to act, he was like many orators on solemn occasions—"too full for utterance;" but, in spite of the disadvantage under which he labored, managed to get through his part. The next morning a waggish reporter printed:

"Mr. Budge Utility acted with a good deal of spirit last evening."

In spite of the critic's commendation the actor is at present disengaged.

THE FRUIT-TREE MAN.

In the Winter the fruit-tree man runs about among the farmers with his sample-book, supposed to contain *fac-simile* colored prints of fruits depicted as "the actual size." Some of them are quite as gorgeous in their way as chromos given by certain newspapers to their subscribers Shrubbs has the agency of a nursery whose "principal attraction" is a "Russian" crabapple, which is represented to be but a little smaller than a field pumpkin. Old Pinchpenny examined the picture without his glasses, and, failing to decipher the line of small print beneath, inquired:

"What's that?"

"The famous 'Russian' crabapple," answered Shrubbs.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the farmer. "Neow, you don't say that's a crabapple? I swon, durned if I didn't think that it was a circus-poster!"

MANAGERS' SUBTERFUGES.

Smithers is totally down on what he calls managers' subterfuges, whether it be in the liberal distribution of complimentary tickets or the free admission of college professors and students for the purpose of studying the anatomy of the spectacular drama. Smithers is down on the deadhead "like a thousand of brick." He says that the place for the D. H. is in his box (i. e., coffin), and not in the box of the theatre, and he might be in such a box all his life before he would ever be in tiers in a playhouse which he controlled. Deadheads, he says, are the vermin that afflict the drama. He was incensed when he learned that Jarrett & Palmer had admitted the police free, on the grounds that the place for "stars" is on the stage, and not in front. There was no bounds to Smithers' rage when he heard that physicians were passed free, and wondered why their confreres the undertakers were not also put on the deadhead list. He further says that the reported invitation of the dentists by Daly is "too much like drawing teeth."

"THE MAN WHO TALKS LOUD."

"Hash" Farmice, the veteran agent connected with first-class companies too numerous to mention, is a very large person, with a large voice—something less, when he whispers, than rolling thunder. Cool Burgess is "the man who laughs," Harry Stanwood "the man who talks," but "Parm," as he is familiarly called, is "the man who talks LOUD." When he arrives in a town it is not an uncommon occurrence for him to speak to the billposter as he gets off the cars at the depot, and the knight of the brush uptown in the office hears him, and jumps and exclaims:

"By George! there's 'Parm.' I'll go down to the depot and meet him."

J. B. Hodges and "Hank" were billing rival shows in Covington, Ky., across the river from Cincinnati. Young Chapman got out of paste, when Hodges said that it was:

"A pity to lose time to go over to Cincinnati to get paste."

But they didn't have to go. "Parm" spoke to "Uncle John," who was asleep in his office, and he brought it over. Hodges told the story.

ABSENT AND PRESENT.

ABSENT.—Miss Blonde Gush, Queen of Serio-comic Vocalists, addressing Carrie Fairy, "Pearl of the Song-and-dance."—Oh, my! did you see the notices on the house-bill to-night? Betty Sweet, the Empress of Serio-comic Songstresses, on Monday next. Bah! "the Empress." I wouldn't allow myself to be billed in that way. You don't know how unpopular the Queen of England has made herself by setting herself up for an Empress. I will tell you some time about it. I wouldn't have had such a thing happen to me for all the world? Do you know her? Pretty! pooh, no; isn't bigger than nothing. Apple-faced, skim-milk thing; nose looks like a wart, and she's the airiest thing that ever came into a variety theatre. I know you'll dislike her, she's so disagreeable. For my part, if I had known that she was coming I should have given my notice.

PRESENT.—(Scene on the stage; rehearsal going on; arrival of Miss Betty Sweet, the Empress of Song. Miss Blonde Gush—not so young or good-looking as her rival—flies to meet her, and exclaims, folding her in her arms, and almost smothering her with kisses:) "Oh, you sweet angel! You darling creature! I am *de*-lighted to see you. You don't know what an account of you I have been giving all the girls if!"

NOTE.—Before the end of the week she finds out all about the account, and then there is music.

LEG-MANIA AGAIN.

(In the ballet-room of the theatre, after a prolonged run of the legitimate, society, "contemporaneous" and melodrama.)

SARAH (addressing the entire conclave).—Isn't this dreadful? Nothing but trail-dress pieces month in and month out. Why don't they put on a fairy piece and give us girls' legs a chance?"

MARIA.—Oh, fie, Sarah! Aren't you awful!

ALL THE GIRLS (greatly shocked).—Oh! oh! oh! aint you horrid!

There may be a question about Sarah's intellectuality, but none about her understanding.

"BUSTED."

Was ever times like these? Trunks as unlitfable as if they were nailed down, overcoats hung up too high to reach, and landlord's "unclaimed baggage"-rooms full of champagne baskets of wardrobe. The effects of the hard times have been severe enough on the local manager, but particularly depressing to the "skirmisher" and "barnstormer." The poor player has indeed been a sufferer, and has reason to long remember the centennial anniversary of our country's independence. Prettyman left town by rail with the "New York Opera-house Combination" as "leading man," and returned after the first night as "*walking* gentleman."

Prettyman preserved his equanimity, but it was a terrible strain on his boots.

POSTED!

(Boss BILLPOSTER *seated in his office playing crib, and puffing a Henry Clay. Enter one of the men returned from his route. He lays down brush and empty bag and sets pail aside.*)

PASTEBLINGER (*aside to fellow "doper"**)—Charlie† is there on strike a pound.

Boss (*counts his "hand," knocks ashes off his cigar, and addresses* PASTEBLINGER).—S-s-y, you 'Sling, just take two three sheets and go down to the theatre and put them on the boards in front; aint been any there for three days. Us fellers have got to tend ter biz; if we don't, the managers will think their work isn't well done. (*Sotto voce:*) I must run up and collect that bill to-night.

Boss makes a "sweep," and Pasteslinger and Doper No. 2 look knowingly at each other before going around the corner to get "swel."

UP!

"Dave" Thomas the balloonist, who used to do the agreeable to "the press" with the Barnum show, says that when a circus "goes up" and falls into the hands of the Sheriff it is a "captive ascension." We ought to know, because he graduated with Old Dan Rice.

OF A DIFFERENT TENOR.

In criticising the opera the writer was made to say:

"Mr. High Note is the terror of the company."

Probably tenor was meant, but the manager avows that that is no "typographical error."

ANCIENT THEATRICALS.

The question arising as to who was the first female actress, Mr. Love said that Mrs. Coleman had that honor, having performed Ianthe in Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes" in London, England, in 1656. Grin the low-comedy man goes farther back than that. According to his assertion, Eve was the "first old woman." It is a matter of record that her son Abel was a "club man," who turned out badly, and many a club man has come to a bad end at a later date.

FINIS.

We are told that "the wicked stand on slippery places." If they do, they must wear creepers, rubbers or heel corks, or traverse sections where good Samaritans sprinkle ashes or sawdust on the pavements after a sleet storm.

When the walks were "smooth as glass" and "all glare," as the schoolboys would express it, a well-known interlocutor of a popular minstrel band was hastening down-town to attend rehearsal, when he sat down abruptly in the most undignified manner. much to the amusement of a bystander, who laughed immoderately at the minstrel's ridiculous appearance.

"There!" exclaimed the interlocutor, rising with difficulty, "I've mistaken my line; I never made a man laugh in my life in the middle, and here's a fellow splitting himself the minute I go on end."

SEEING THE SHOW:
AND HOW CONFIDENCE MEN DON'T GET IN.

"Yes, sir," said the doorkeeper of the California Theatre the other evening, as he slipped a check under a small elastic band, "the dodges practiced by them as wishes to deadhead into this here theatre is more'n you'd credit." The second act being now well on, and the stragglers all in, he leaned up against the photograph-stand, stroked his grizzled beard, and went on: "Some of 'em makes it a reg'lar study, and has it brought down to quite a fine point; but precious few ever gets t'other side of Rubycorn. Sometimes, however, they're so well dressed, and cheeks it out so confounded hard, that they're up them stairs before I've altogether placed them. For instant, there is a man of a box-party. Nearly always they goes in together, but once now and again a gentleman who don't care about gulping his black coffee comes late, and says he: 'All the others in box B yet, Salisbury?' and as the others invariably says: 'Mr. So-and-So is yet to come,' why in he goes. Occasional, however, there slips up a young tailor, with a square cheek on him like a mule, and, walking by very cool, he says: 'I'm one of a party in a box,' and then I says: 'What box?' and that boxes him, for, of course, I know every box-check I took pas as your relation. Then the way I've which that there young man wilts is worth part of a whole week's salary to see. Then there's another slippery customer, and that is the man who is looking for the manager. He's pretty nearly always well dressed, like the other chap, and has a gall on him like an ox. I've got 'em, though, in the most simplest way you could ever think on. If it's Mr. McCullough he asks for, and he's out of town, why, nat'rally that lets him up sharp and quick. If it's Mr. Hill, it generally goes this way: He always comes 'bout this time, the middle or so of the second act, takes his cigar out of his mouth very careful, and says kinder easy like: 'I am looking for your manager; can I step up-stairs to see if he is there?' 'Which of 'em?' says I. 'Which of them?' he repeats. 'Yes,' I says. 'Mr. McCullough or Mr. Hill?' 'Oh, ah, to be sure—Mr. Hill is the gentleman.' 'Mr. Hill,' I says, 'has just gone into the box-office; you will find him there.' That fetches him as a rule, for when once he goes back he don't as a rule try it on twice. If, however, he looks one as a usual grip won't throw, I says: 'Ah, yes, Mr. Hill; there he is just on the top-stair; I'll call him down.' So, looking up, I calls out: 'Mr. Hill! Mr. Hill!' and when I turn round about again, my friend has always hooked it.

"But the greatest number of all who try to get in on their face are those who belong to the press. The crowd of newspaper correspondents who want to see a play is something amazing. Papers you nor nobody else ever heard of have sent their special correspondents here to see Mr. Barrett as Cassius, and several critics have traveled all the way from Penn Yan sole and only to see Mr. Florence as Openrazor, as Bishop calls it. Most always, too, these literary lights bring their creditshells—on a card. The bearer is authorized correspondent of *The Poposunk HighFlyer*, maybe. Any courtesy shown the bearer will be reciprocated by the editor of *The Donahue's Landing Semiweekly Gazette*. My answer to these is ferrotyped. 'Sir,' I says, 'I have my list here of newspaper gentlemen who has a right to pass in. Your name is not on it. Get a pass from the box-office, please.' There will be one in two, or perhaps, who gets his dander up and talks of 'Defishiness in regard for the press;' but, as a rule, they goes away sorrowful. It always does hurt me to send back a newspaper man; they seem as if they'd enjoy the play so much; but duty is duty.

"On the other hand, however, there is a man I'm no wise compunctious about refusing, and that is the man who has forgotten his check. Now, there are a few gentlemen to whom I don't give checks—Harry Logan, Sandy Austin, Mr. Budd and such like. I know 'em well, and they don't like to be bothered. But when a smarty comes up switching his cane, and, throwing his cigarette away with a flirt, says: 'Ah, you forgot to give me a check,' or, running his finger in his vest-pocket, says: 'By George, I've missed my check,' or, grinning with a sort of strike-you-with-a-feather air, says: 'You said you'd remember my face, you know,' and then I looks at him a minnit, his under-lip shows me whether he's square or no. Besides these, I come across the stranger who wants to 'look around' before going back to his ranch; the father who has children in the audience, and the hackman who wants to keep an eye on his fare.

"But the greatest character of all is the man who is looking after the doctor. There is one old fellow in particular who is a regular artist, and ought to be on the stage. I think he must go home and fix himself up every night, for he always turns up the same as clockwork. He's an oldish man, and sometimes he comes without his hat; occasionally he has on his carpet-slippers, and once, when 'Henry V' was up, he came without his coat. He always rushes in, and, looking as though he'd just come from Stockton, calls out: 'Is Dr. So-and-so in?' and so makes up the stairs like a streak of lightning. One night he was so quick that he got to the first landing before I could pick myself together, but he had to come back. It's a pity, too, the old —— goss to so much trouble, for he's never yet got to see the show."—*San Francisco Post.*

COMMERCE OF THE WORLD.

France exports wines, brandies, silks, fancy articles, furniture, jewelry, clocks, watches, paper, perfumery, and fancy goods generally.

Italy exports corn, oil, flax, flour, wines, essences, dyestuffs, drugs, fine marble, soap, paintings, engravings, molasses, and salt.

Prussia exports grain, woolens, zinc, articles of iron, copper and brass, indigo, wax, hams, musical instruments, tobacco, wines, and porcelain.

Germany exports wool, woolen goods, linens, rags, corn, timber, iron, lead, tin, flax, hemp, wines, wax, tallow, and cattle.

Austria exports mineral, raw and manufactured silk thread, glass, wax, tar, nutgall, wine, honey, and mathematical instruments.

England exports cottons, woolens, glassware, earthenware, cutlery, iron, metallic wares, salt, coal, watches, tin, silks and linens.

Russia exports tallow, flax, hemp, flour, iron, linseed, lard, hide, wax, duck, cordage, bristles, fur and potash.

Spain exports wines, brandies, iron, fresh and dried fruits, quicksilver, sulphur, salt, cork, saffron, anchovies, silks and woolens.

China exports tea, rice, rhubarb, musk, ginger, borax, zinc, silks, cassia, filligree work, ivory ware, lacquered ware and porcelain.

Turkey exports opium, silks, drugs, gums, dried fruits, tobacco, wines, camels' hair, carpets, shawls, camlets and morocco.

Hindostan exports gold and silver, cochineal, indigo, sarsaparilla, vanilla, jalap, fustic, Campeachy wood, pimento, drugs and dye-stuffs.

Brazil exports coffee, indigo, sugar, rice, hides, dried meats, tallow, gold, diamonds and other stones, gums, mahogany, and India-rubber.

The West Indies export sugar, molasses, rum, tobacco, cigars, mahogany, dyewood, coffee, pimento, fresh fruits and preserves, wax, ginger and other spices.

East Indies exports cloves, nutmegs, mace, pepper, rice, indigo, gold dust, camphor, bensine, sulphur, ivory, rattans, sandal-wood, zinc and nuts.

United States export principally agricultural produce, tobacco, cotton, flour, provisions of all kinds, lumber, turpentine, and wearing apparel.

A PUNCTUATION PUZZLE.

The following article forcibly illustrates the necessity of punctuation. It can be read in two ways, making it a very bad one, or a very good man, the result depending upon the manner in which it is punctuated. It is well worthy the study of teacher and pupils:

"He is an old and experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found in opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of his neighbors he never rejoices in the prosperity of any of his fellow-creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintance he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no effort to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to the support of the gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversity he pays great heed to the devil he will never go to heaven he must go where he will receive the just recompense of reward."

THE APPRENTICES' LIBRARY.—Eleven hundred and fifty-seven volumes were issued to the readers of the Apprentices' Library at 472 Broadway on Saturday. The library is enjoying a remarkably successful season of usefulness. There are now on its roll of members nearly 1,000 more names than last year—which was the busiest one in the annals of the library—making a total of 8,400 persons who are now enjoying its privileges. During the past month 19,000 volumes were issued to readers, and about 3,500 volumes have been added to the library during the season. The library now contains 56,300 well-assorted volumes in all the branches of science, art and literature. It was established in 1820, and is free to all working boys and girls.

FALLING STARS.—According to Mr. Proctor the astronomer, not a night passes in which some falling stars are not seen; and, in certain months, and on particular nights, the golden rain is most prominent. Of course, too, meteors fall in the daytime, although unseen. It is computed that hundreds of thousands of these bodies become incorporated with the earth every twenty-four hours, and 400,000,000 in the course of each year. They may vary in weight between a few grains and a ton. One is known to have fallen in South America which weighed fifteen tons. Yet these small accretions to the earth's matter would take many millions of years to add a single foot to its diameter.

A NEW WAY OF SPELLING, called "baseball fashion," has been introduced into some of the schools in the country. Sides are chosen as in baseball, with a pitcher and a catcher on each side. One side spells at a time. The pitcher on the first side pronounces the words for the other side, and the catcher on the first side "takes up" and corrects a word when misspelled by the other side. Every word that is spelled correctly is tallied for the side that spelled it, and every misspelled word is called out, if spelled correctly by the opposite side. Three out, all out. The scholars say it is lots of fun to spell in this way.

STRANGE GUARDIANS.—There was a Malay boy near Singapore who was employed by his parents in herding some water-buffaloes. He was driving his charge home by the borders of a jungle, when a tiger made a sudden spring, and, seizing the lad by the thigh, was dragging him off, when two old buffaloes, hearing the shriek of distress from the well-known voice of their little attendant, turned the tiger, thus closely pressed, was obliged to drop his prey to defend himself. While one buffalo fought and successfully drove the tiger away, the other kept guard over the wounded boy.

*"Doper," in billposters' vernacular, is paste.

†Charlie is waste paper. Tons of printing find their way to the junkman which should be posted on the wall.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES NO. VI.

THE BOWERY THEATRE, N. Y., NEARLY A HALF CENTURY AGO.

Our attention has been directed to a frayed and yellow bill of the American Theatre, N. Y., as the now venerable "Old Bowery" was called in 1831-3, and we have been requested to elaborate it and to single out the living from among the dead. Here is a copy of the time-honored programme:

AMERICAN THEATRE.

First night of the new domestic drama of

OLD JONATHAN AND HIS APPRENTICES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 12, 1832,

will be performed there a new local drama in four acts, written expressly for this theatre, to be brought forward with entirely new scenery (taken from views on the spot), extensive machinery, appropriate costumes and decorations, to be called

OLD JONATHAN AND HIS APPRENTICES.

The music composed, selected and arranged by Mr. St. Luke; the scenery painted expressly for this piece by Duke White; the machinery by Mr. Danes. The piece produced under the direction of Mr. Barrymore.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY AND CHARACTERS.

ACT I—SCENE 1—JONATHAN DOGGOOD'S STORE.

Old Jonathan.....Mr. Blanchard
Henry Aimwell, } his apprentices.....{ Mr. G. Jones
Benjamin Hardy, } his apprentices.....{ Mr. Tuthill
Emily, Doogood's daughter.....Miss Waring
Nigger John.....Mr. Hadaway

SCENE 2—CHAMBER IN DOGGOOD'S HOUSE.

SCENE 3—WELL-KNOWN SPOT.

Capt. Rattlin, U. S. frigate Iren.....Mr. McKinney
Bowsing, boatswain of the U. S. frigate Vixen..Mr. Farren
Jem Taffrail....Mr. Taylor | Will Block.....Mr. Lapnel
Mr. Prettyman, a newly imported painter and glazier from London.....Mr.
Master Augustus Prettyman, his son.....Mr. Sowerby
Mrs. Julia Prettyman, Prettyman's wife....Mrs. Mangeon
Navy-yard hands and launch, with all the animated bustle of so enlivening a scene.

ACT II—SCENE 1—QUARTER DECK OF THE VIXEN, in which will be introduced the Mariner's song-and-chorus.

SCENE 2—BELOW DECK.

Common Sailors.....
Henry.....Mr. G. Jones | Benjamin.....Mr. Tuthill
SCENE 3—TERRIFIC STORM—WRECK AND LOSS OF THE VIXEN.

ACT 3—SCENE 1—VIEW NEAR VAUXHALL.

Mr. Hardy....Mr. Johnson | Mrs. Hardy..Mrs. Stephenson
Mary Mayflower.....Miss Johnson

SCENE 2—YORK BAY—THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

In this scene will be introduced a new nautical emblematic dance, composed by Mrs. Barrymore; sung by Mr. Ramasi, Miss Johnson, etc.

ACT IV—SCENE 1—JONATHAN DOGGOOD'S PARLOR.

Mr. Henry Aimwell, midshipman.....Mr. G. Jones

SCENE 2—INSIDE OF TAVERN.

Mr. Prettyman, landlord of the Sailors' Retreat..Mr. Gates

SCENE 3—VIEW IN THE BOWERY.

1st Watchman...Mr. Hanson | Police-officer.....Mr. Lutz
2d Watchman...Mr. Welden | Mariner.....Mr. Finnon

SCENE 4—DECK OF THE WASP—PREPARED FOR PUNISHMENT.

TO THE PUBLIC.—In introducing the new local drama of "Old Jonathan and His Apprentices" to the notice of a New York audience, the management deem it fit to point out the inducements for their labor, less, in his anxiety to please, he may have too highly colored some of his characters, and too feebly pencilled others; now, this, though it should make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve.

To conclude with the melo-dramatic spectacle, with songs, chorus, combats, new scenery, dresses, and decorations, called

THE SISTERS, OR THE HEROINES OF SWITZERLAND.

SWISS.

Leopold, Count of Carlsheim.....Mr. G. Jones
Ludolph.....Mr. Taylor
Werner, an independent farmer.....Mr. Farren
Eric, a simple peasant.....Mr. Sowerby

PATRIO' LEADERS.

Henric.....Mr. Lewis | Michelle.....Mr. Finnon
Gesler.....Mr. Lutz | Munster.....Mr. Sarzedas
Carelia.....Miss Waring | Mutina.....Mrs. Mangeon
Ida.....Mrs. Barrymore

as originally performed by her in London.

Margaret, an old village.....Mr. Gates

AUSTRIANS.

Count Ravensheim, Mr. McKinney | Waldemar.....Mr. Johnson

VASSALS OF THE COUNT.

Rodolph.....Mr. Hanson | Rufus.....Mr. Sowerby
Conrad.....Mr. Weldon

In the course of the piece an entirely new Swiss ballet, composed by Mrs. Barrymore. The solos to be danced by Mrs. Barrymore and Miss Johnson.

NOTICE.—The performances at this theatre for the remainder of the season will commence at seven o'clock precisely.

"Old Jonathan" served a purpose that had not been contemplated when "he" was imported from England, for this "new local drama in four acts," as the bill puts it, was surmised to be no less a play than "Thirty Years of a Seaman's Life," produced at the Pavilion Theatre, London, in 1829, as a virtual sequel to "Black-eyed Susan" and "Long Tom Coffin," nautical specialties that rendered T. P. Cooke melodramatically famous in England, that aided greatly to enlarge the popularity of our own W. G. Jones and John R. Scott, and that proved the stepping-stone to the professional advancement of E. L. Davenport, whose son Fred Allen is intermittently seen to-day, as it was frequently seen fully forty years ago. The putative author of "Old Jonathan" was William Barrymore, mainly a pantomimist, but whose production of sensational pieces at Drury-lane, London, had given him an exalted reputation for stage-direction, and, having come to America in 1831, he was staging manager the next season at the Bowery. But his greatest achievement was his last, for he died on Feb. 16, 1845, on Nov. 24, 1846, and in 1847, in accordance respectively with "Ireland's Records of the New York Stage," "The Era Almanac," and "Brower's History of the American Stage," all of which are happily agreed as to his having died in one spot—Boston, Mass. The special service done by his "new local drama" was to demonstrate, in the wreck of the frigate Vixen, the peculiar fitness of the Bowery stage for the most stupendous mechanical effects, as exemplified in "Mazeppa," "The Naiad Queen," "Putnam," "The Wizard of the Wave," "Seven Temptations," "Herne the Hunter" and that salt-water drama which, in furnishing the character of Harry Helm, gave the cue for the still remembered appeal of the Chatham fiddle: "Hi, mariners! wake up when I dies! dies!" It was not that other actors could not abstractly "die" as skillfully, but the boys *did* love to see the fair-haired, tall and arrowy Joe Kirby "wrap himself up in the American flag and die like" ——Ah, well! that was before the era of "political rings" and "returning boards." Those were the days of intensest patriotism. It was true Americans to the last words of Bill Pooler, and the dying sport's request that he be buried in the colors of his country was so sacredly observed that the funeral cortege on that memorable Sunday in March, 1855, was a long panorama of American flags. Poor Joe Kirby, the handsome young tar, was a favorite on British lion, and not the flag that Harry Helm had so often apostrophized. After "starring" throughout the States for nearly a decade after he had ceased to be a stock-actor, he crossed the Atlantic from New Orleans, a flattering career of several years' duration at the principal English provincial theatres having followed, he was on the point of returning to his home in America, in 1849, when death canceled his cabin-passage.

Of those in the cast of "Old Jonathan," but four or five survive, and not one now encounters the glare of the footlights in either hemisphere, though one may be a stage-doorkeeper. The impersonator of the title-role was William Blanchard, father of Elizabeth, first wife of Thomas S. Hamblin. She had recently visited England in quest of talent for the Bowery stage, and among those she had induced to cross the Atlantic was Mr. Blanchard, who, with Mrs. Thos. S. Hadaway. Mr. Blanchard had been the principal comedian of Drury-lane Theatre, London, for thirty years, having made his London debut on Oct. 1, 1800, as Bob Acres and as Crack. His American debut was on Dec. 26, 1831, as Sir Harry, in "Laugh and Lough." He played Old Jonathan not exactly to "oblige Benson," but certainly to oblige Barrymore. Returning to England, he died at Chelsea, May 8, 1835, in his sixty-fifth year. The Henry Aimwell of the bill is the gentleman whom *The Sun*, with rare gallantry, claims to be one of the handsomest men in this city, and who may be seen daily among the law-offices in the vicinity of our City Hall. Known for about twenty-five years past as the Count Joannes, he was the husband of Melinda Topping, who died about two years ago, and who was more familiar to modern playgoers as Mrs. Melinda Agnes, and by her marriage with Miss Topping he became the father of the late Miss Avonia Jones, wife and widow of Gustavus Vaughn Brooke the tragedian, who in March, 1866, "went down to the sea" in an English steam-packet.

Mrs. Mangeon, who was a remarkably attractive woman, made her last appearance in New York on Jan. 31, 1833, at the Park Theatre, where on Sept. 28, 1826, as Floretta in the opera of "The Cabinet," she had first appeared in America. She was a sister of Mme. Feron the vocalist, and was related to Mrs. J. M. Gordon, manager of the Princess's Theatre, London, who was the business agent of Mme. Feron during her tour of this country. Mrs. Mangeon had a son whom she forced upon the stage as a youthful prodigy on June 7, 1832, at the Bowery Theatre. Like the son of John Wilkes Booth, two years later, master Mangeon "took" Richard III, and got away with it. His mother returned to London and withdrew from the stage, opening first a cigar-store and afterwards a millinery-store on Regent street. We can find no record of her death. Not so as to her sister, who, having first appeared in this city as Madame Feron, at the Grand Saloon, afterwards Niblo's Garden, where she last sang in 1838—went back to England, and died in London nearly twenty-five years ago.

Harry Tuthill, who played Benjamin Hardy, had been a favorite in London as an actor of Irish parts, and it was as Thaddy O'Grady in "The Irish Patriot," for the late Peter Richings' benefit, on Dec. 23, 1830, that he was first seen at the Park Theatre, this city. Prior to that he had played an engagement at the Bowery, and prior to that, again, he had been of the company with which, on May 20, 1829, the late James H. Hackett reopened the original Chatham Theatre (or Garden) under the title of "The American Open-house." Tuthill returned to the old country, became a manager of note, or at least of noted stars, and died at his residence in Dawson street, Dublin, on April 14, 1863.

Mrs. William Barrymore, whose name is coupled with that of Ida in the afterpiece, was the wife of the stage-manager. Originally Miss Adams, she had been a dancer as far back as 1803, and had become one of the standard attractions of the old Royal Circus, London. At Drury-lane she was the original Fenella, the dumb girl, in the opera of "Masaniello;" and after her marriage she became a melodramatic star of considerable availability. The scene of her American debut was the Park Theatre, this city, the date being Aug. 29, 1831, and the opportunity the pantomimic one of Pipino in "The Dumb Savoyard and His Monkey." Her last appearance in this city was at the Bowery, on Oct. 1, 1832, where she had first been seen on June 11, 1832, as Jeanette in "The Troubadours." After her husband's death she conducted a dancing-school in Boston. Ultimately she returned to England, dying in London at (not unlike her husband) two different periods—on Dec. 30, 1859, according to THE CLIPPER of Jan. 31, 1863, and on Jan. 6, 1863, according to "The Era Almanac" of 1869.

D. D. McKinney, who died in 1839, was a graduate of the Fourth Ward of this city, and attention was first called to him at the old Chatham Theatre, after Blanchard and the equestrian had vacated it and the late Moses S. Phillips opened it, this being on March 11, 1831, when McKinney had for his fellow-actors the deceased Gus Adams as Damon and the late William Rufus Blake as Pythias. In those days Blake prided himself upon his shape. He was not the heavily-ballasted comedian who afterwards created a field of his own, but was playing fops and fond lovers. McKinney's connection with the Bowery Theatre was severed in 1834, he being dismissed for complicity in a riot yet to be spoken of. Meanwhile he had unsuccessfully essayed to "star" it, beginning at the Park, this city, on Jan. 18, 1834, as Gossamer. As a member of the firm of Dean & McKinney, he was one of the pioneers in permanent theatrical management in Buffalo, N. Y., and Columbus, O. The senior partner was Milwin Dean, who by his marriage with the widow of Thomas Fosdick (nee Chapman) became the stepfather of William H. Fosdick, brother of the late Miss Julia Dean-Hayne-Cooper and half-brother of Miss Edwina Dean, the latter of whom about 1867 had a brief experience as a concert vocalist. The masculine Dean died in ease and plenty in St. Paul, Minn., precisely one year ago and we write. He had entered upon his seventy-second year, and had long been selling sewing-machines in lieu of box-office pasteboards. Julia Dean died prematurely in this city on March 6, 1868.

Miss Louise Johnson, who with Mrs. Barrymore figured as a solo dancer, was a member of a pantomime troupe of which Mr. Gay was the Harlequin and J. J. Parslee the Clown. She had been the Columbine at Covent-garden, and made her American debut at the Bowery on Dec. 28, 1831, in "Mother Goose," along with Mr. and Mrs. Gay and Mr. Parslee. This pantomime, by the way, had been first produced in America at the Park Theatre on March 30, 1818. Every New-Yorker who is thirty years old will remember the Parker who for so many years was proprietor of Parker's Dancing Academy in this city, and whose soirees at Tammany Hall (where *The Sun* now "shines for all") were an enjoyable feature of metropolitan night-lifs. This Parker, who died in this city on Dec. 23, 1858, was the original Collin in America, his wife was the original Columbine, and John Barnes, who died in Halifax, N. S., Aug. 28, 1841, was the original Mother Goose. Miss Johnson, we believe, returned to England; Parslee died in this city in the Spring of 1832; and Gay went West," traveling with the late Sol Smith, and ultimately, as the legend runs, becoming a great chief among a tribe of Indians who were captivated by the "glittering gewgaws" adorning about the only bit of wardrobe cruel fortune had left him at the time he fell in with the savages.

Miss Jane Sallee was ambitious as an actor, but whose true vocation and main excellence were orchestra-leading—deserves a special chapter, which our present space denies. We remember that, four years after he "was stabbed and died in Brownsville, Texas, in March, 1850"—as runs the only published biography of his at hand—he came in conflict with the New York authorities on account of a "high-art" enterprise he was conducting in the vicinity of our Crystal Palace. St. Luke returned to England about 1858, and, while leading the orchestra at Sadler's Wells Theatre, about 1865, died in Islington. It may have been with Miss Sallee that Mrs. Hamblin, who was stabbed in Brownsville; and of the whereabouts of his daughter, also on the American stage forty years ago, we lack advices. F. Sowerby, the Master Augustus Prettyman of the bill, was also an Englishman, and died in this city nearly thirty years ago. Charles Western Taylor, also dead, came under review in the first instalment of "Amusement Annals No. IV," devoted to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and published in our issues of Feb. 3 and 10. Samuel D. Johnson (Mr. Hardy and Waldemar) died in Philadelphia nearly fifteen years ago; and we think Hanson also died in that city. Messrs. Lutz, Finnon and Lewis are beyond our ken. The period was three or four years too early for the Henry Lewis whose wife and daughters became prominent, and who is perhaps best represented to-day by Ettie Henderson of Pittsburg.

Another of the departed is William F. Gates, a low comedian whose more than a decade of popularity at the Bowery Theatre was terminated by his death on Sept. 17, 1843, and attested finally by a vast funeral cortege. One of the survivors is Miss Ann Duff Waring, widow of J. W. Wallack Jr., and daughter of the deceased Leigh Waring and of the lady who, as the widow of W. R. Blake, is with Thomas Placide the sole relict of the numerous and famous Placide family. David A. Sarzedas is now at the South. Thomas Hadaway, for many years the favorite comedian, next to W. E. Burton, in Philadelphia, and later the light of Barnum's old Museum in this city, is an amateur agriculturist at Long Branch. Had he chosen to reside in this city, instead of hiding himself across the East River, he might have combined profit with leisurely dignity; for, were he in the market, no one of the many "job actors" of the present day would be in greater demand for occasional use than Tom Hadaway. The bill accompanying this article is of Hadaway's second season in America, his first appearance having been at the Bowery on Nov. 10, 1831, as Dominie Sampson in "Guy Mannering" and as Robin Roughhead in "No Song, No Supper," thus giving scope to his joint talents as a low comedian and as a comic vocalist. His wife, a London vocalist known as Miss Hallande, made her American debut as Lucy Bertram and Margaretta in the same pieces. She last played on Aug. 22, 1832, as Norma in "The Ice Witch," at the Bowery Theatre, and on the following day she died of the cholera which in that year scourged this city to memorability. She left a young child, who some ten years later appeared in Philadelphia for her father's benefit, but did not follow the profession. Mr. Hadaway has been widowed again since then, and now, we believe, has a third consort.

Conspicuous for the care that has been clearly taken of it, and for the intelligent taste which must have directed that care, is a single grave in Greenwood Cemetery wherein lies the mortal part of George Percy Farren. He was closely related to the distinguished family of English comedians bearing that name, came to this country a young man in 1830, died in this city on Aug. 18, 1861, and is represented on the American stage to-day by a daughter (Mrs. Gaspard Maeder) who acts occasionally, by a son who is an actor and another son who is now a scene-painter in Montreal, and by his widow, whose later years have been passed in Wallack's, the Park, Booth's, the Union-square and the Brooklyn Theatres, she having been the "good Mother Frochard" in "The Two Orphans" the night that the last-mentioned establishment was burned. George P. Farren made his American debut at the Bowery Theatre in the late Winter of 1830, at which time there were two male Farrens connected with that house. He was then about twenty-two years old, was a handsome, graceful light-comedy, "old men," and his thorough reliability advanced him to the stage-management of the Bowery. Among the company was D. D. McKinney, already spoken of. At the Park Theatre, where he essayed everything, from Sir Giles Overreach to Jack Junk or William, "Black-eyed Susan," and where he is worthy of mention, he played second to the

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must *be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Feb. 19.

LADIES' LIST.

Annatte, Mlle.
Anbron, Rosa
Allyn, Kittie (vocalist)
Atkinson Miss M J.
Archer, Louie (song-and-dance)
Atkinson, Maude
Baker, Eva
Banks, Carlotta (2)
Berzer, Anna Teresa
Bridges, Winona
Bailey, Ella
Baldwin, Mrs. Clara
Beaumont, Stella
Brevoort, Kate
Boyd, Nellie
Bunn, Ellen
Booth, Agnes
Coombs, Jane
Crolius, Nina
Collins, Mrs. Kate
Carroll, Sarah E.
Campbell, Mrs. R. E.
Caselli, Mrs.
Corell, Mrs. Octavia
Crabtaee, "Lotta"
Corelli, Blanche
De Alvis, Lillie (of De Alvis Sist.)
Davenport, Gracie
Durgan, Belle
Doyle, Rosa
Davenport, Fannie
Dumont, Carrie
Dickinson, Anna
Dunham, Mrs. Christie
Dimple, Dottie
Elmore, Annie (2)
Engel, Jennie
Fox, Annie (vocalist)
Fletcher, Jennie E.
Fechter, Mrs. Chas.
Freeman, Little Sisters
Gross, Mrs. Lu-lu
Garrison, Mrs. Chas.
Gilman, Ada (of Daly's Co.)
Gonzales, Adelaide
Greenfield, Ida
Glassford, Mrs. A. Howard, May
Henri, Flora
Hasson, Lillie (2)
Henry, Josephine
Howard, Minnie
Ince, Annette
Jackson, Mrs. Rose
Kellogg, Clara Louise
Katzman, Pauline
Kingsbury, Alice
Lewis, Mrs. Dean
Lee, Rosa (2)
Lucille, Fannie
Lynn Sisters
Laurent, Edna
Lubin, Vivian
Lawrence, "Lou"
Lola, — (trapezist)
Larkell, Nellie
Morgan, Belle
Miranda, Lotta
Maye, Ella
Macarte, Madam
Morgan, Etta
Misco, Mrs. Laura
Mayo, Ella
McDonale, Mrs.
McGowan, Alice
Nelson, Annie
Merrett, Pauline
Neokaketa, Miss (2)
"Nell" ("California Diamond")
Orris, Minnie
Phillips, Amy
Pizzuolo, Josephine
Phillips, Emma
Packard, Marie
Phillips, Adelaide
Paynter, Grace V.
Putnam, Katie
Price, Fannie B.
Reynolds, Kate
Rowe, Bertha
Rivington, Ida (2)
Richardson, Kate
Rathburne, Jessie
Richings-Bernard, Mrs. O.
Rassell, Mrs "Sol"
Rowell, Kittie
Ruperie, Florence
Stanley, Mabel
St. Felix, Madam
Stetson, Mrs. E. P.
Spaulding, Georgie Dean
Sanford, "Lou"
Singer, Kate (of Howe's Cir.)
Saurel, Madam
Stanhope, Adeline
Saunderson, Irene
Shields, Lillie
Smith, Mrs. Sol.
Sharpe, Dollie
Turnour, Hepsey
Turnour, Eliza
Ward, Jennie (of Pastor's Co.)
Wilson, Julia (of Pastor's Co.)
Whiting, Ada
Waller, Mrs. Emma
Wilson, Julia (vocalist)
Warner, Miss F. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Warren Sisters
Weber, Lina
Wade, Jennie
Winner Sisters
Wilson, Eliza
Young, Millie
Zoerner, Anna
Zoula, Millie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Arnold, Frank (variety "biz")
Austin Bros.
Armstrong, R. H.
Arizona, Chas.
Armstrong, J. (trombone)
Aiken, F. E.
Allen, Jno. (of Cincinnati, O.)
Aiken, A. W.
Arber, Mons. (violinist)
Abey, Joshua V.
Aroyen, J. T.
Adair, Thos. J.
Allen, W. H. show "biz"
Bonfanti, Chas. T.
Brown, R. (of Kendall's Co.)
Baker, E. H. (show "biz")
Barber Bros. (show "biz")
Batchelar & Dorris
Barr, Geo. (musician)
Brown, C. (of Stevens's Co.)
Barton & Harron
Bertbune, J. G. (2)
Bryant, "Nell"
Bell, Frank (with "Nat" Hyams)
Barten, Ray. H.
Brennan, Harry
Bialch, C. F.
Bardwell, H. (2)
Blood, J. H.
Benjamin, F. L.
Bishop, Alf. H.
Butler & Buckle
Boring, F. C.
Belknap, W. G.
Bailey, J. W.
Bates, Wm. (circus "biz")
Burke, John
Burt, Alvin G. (Spaulding's B. R.)
Boyd, Chas. (musician)
Bowers, "Gus"
Brown, E. S. (2)
Blossom, "Nat"
Blodgett, Chas.
Barnum, Henry (circus "biz")
Baker, E. (side-show "biz")
Brown, E. P.
Birdsell, Chas.
Bush, E. J.
Bush, I. T.
Boyd, C. (song-and-dance)
Brymer, "Lew"
Bisbee, Frank
Clark, Ed.
Conway, F. (of Tony Pastor Co.)
Childs, "Joe"
Chaffee, Geo. W.
Cole, Wm. H.
Cook, Louis E.
Campbell, C. (of Cross, Kingsley & Elder)
Fay, Hugh
Frost, Ben
Farrell, John
Fluke, W. H. (of Irwin's Co.)
Fish, Chas. (equestrian)
Fox, Chas. J. (gymnast, Chicago)
Freire, Alberto 3c.
Foster, Wm (late of Chicago)
Forsgth, Robt. p.o. m. Londondry, Ire)
Fleury, Fernando (2)
Geraldine, Mlle.
Gilman, Ada (of Daly's Co.)
Gonzales, Adelaide
Greenfield, Ida
Glassford, Mrs. A. Howard, May
Gitlello, Mr.
Giesey, Harry
Gilbert, John
Goldrich, P. C.
Giovanni, Sig.
Gray, Jas. H.
Guy Family
Gilmore, "Joe" P.
Grate, E. J.
Glassford, Ed. E.
Good, "Al"
Gardner, W. (of Coup & Bal. Cir.)
Giddens, George 3c.
Gardner, J. Bunbury
Glassford, Ed.
Gouriay, Mr. (of Salisbury's Co.)
Hamilton, Frank
Hart, "Bob" (of Kel. & Leo's Minst.)
Heeney, Ed.
Howard, Rollin
Henderson, Graham J.
Henry, Hi.
Hilmer, G. D.
Huebner, F. C.
Hildreth, F. D.
Haverly's Managers, J. H.
Heywood Bros.
Homo
Hamilton, Wm. (baritone)
Huntley, J. H.
Hyde, Jay
Haydock, John
Hatch, J. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Heywood, Sam
Heywood Bros.)
Hains, Mr. (late of Woonsocket)
Hall, Mills
Hobson, Frank
Howard, Geo. W.
Hunt, H. D.
Hamilton, Fred.
Haynes, M. R.
Henderson, W. H.
Harris, D. J.
Heywood, Jas. (2)
Hennessey Bros.
Hazzard, A.
Hedges, T. C.
Hollingsworth & Holly)
Hart, Wm. (of Howe's Cir.)
Heinlein, Alex
Hawkins, D. R.
Heywood, Wm.
Hutchinson, Jas. L. (2)
Howard, Bronson
Hogan, "Con"
Howe, (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Fulton, John
Grady, Richd.
Gardner, R. C. (musician)
Gerson, Edmond
Gerdis, Alf.
Gardner, Chas. R.
Grisel, Louis R.
Grant, W. Wallace
Jackson, Mrs. Rose
Kellogg, Clara Louise
Katzman, Pauline
Kingsbury, Alice
Lewis, Mrs. Dean
Lee, Rosa (2)
Lucille, Fannie
Lynn Sisters
Laurent, Edna
Lubin, Vivian
Lawrence, "Lou"
Lola, — (trapezist)
Larkell, Nellie
Morgan, Belle
Miranda, Lotta
Maye, Ella
Macarte, Madam
Morgan, Etta
Misco, Mrs. Laura
Mayo, Ella
McDonale, Mrs.
McGowan, Alice
Nelson, Annie
Merrett, Pauline
Neokaketa, Miss (2)
"Nell" ("California Diamond")
Orris, Minnie
Phillips, Amy
Pizzuolo, Josephine
Phillips, Emma
Packard, Marie
Phillips, Adelaide
Paynter, Grace V.
Putnam, Katie
Price, Fannie B.
Reynolds, Kate
Rowe, Bertha
Rivington, Ida
Richardson, Kate
Rathburne, Jessie
Richings-Bernard, Mrs. O.
Rassell, Mrs "Sol"
Rowell, Kittie
Ruperie, Florence
Stanley, Mabel
St. Felix, Madam
Stetson, Mrs. E. P.
Spaulding, Georgie Dean
Sanford, "Lou"
Singer, Kate (of Howe's Cir.)
Saurel, Madam
Stanhope, Adeline
Saunderson, Irene
Shields, Lillie
Smith, Mrs. Sol.
Sharpe, Dollie
Turnour, Hepsey
Turnour, Eliza
Ward, Jennie (of Pastor's Co.)
Wilson, Julia (of Pastor's Co.)
Whiting, Ada
Waller, Mrs. Emma
Wilson, Julia (vocalist)
Warner, Miss F. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Warren Sisters
Weber, Lina
Wade, Jennie
Winner Sisters
Wilson, Eliza
Young, Millie
Zoerner, Anna
Zoula, Millie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Ford, T. J
Flinn, D. (of O'Brien's Cir.)
Fox, Edward (manager)
Fox, Jos. E.
Furbish, Chas.
Faunum, M.
Florentine, Mons.
Fiske, Stephen
Foster, J. J. (of Barnum's Cir.)
Fowler, M. W.
Foster, F. (of "12 Temptations" Co.)
Fiorence, W. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Fulton, John
Grady, Richd.
Gardner, R. C. (musician)
Gerson, Edmond
Gerdis, Alf.
Gardner, Chas. R.
Grisel, Louis R.
Grant, W. Wallace
Gitlello, Mr.
Giesey, Harry
Gilbert, John
Goldrich, P. C.
Giovanni, Sig.
Gray, Jas. H.
Guy Family
Gilmore, "Joe" P.
Grate, E. J.
Glassford, Ed. E.
Good, "Al"
Gardner, W. (of Coup & Bal. Cir.)
Giddens, George 3c.
Gardner, J. Bunbury
Glassford, Ed.
Gouriay, Mr. (of Salisbury's Co.)
Hamilton, Frank
Hart, "Bob" (of Kel. & Leo's Minst.)
Heeney, Ed.
Howard, Rollin
Henderson, Graham J.
Henry, Hi.
Hilmer, G. D.
Huebner, F. C.
Hildreth, F. D.
Haverly's Managers, J. H.
Heywood Bros.
Homo
Hamilton, Wm. (baritone)
Huntley, J. H.
Hyde, Jay
Haydock, John
Hatch, J. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Heywood, Sam
Heywood Bros.)
Hains, Mr. (late of Woonsocket)
Hall, Mills
Hobson, Frank
Howard, Geo. W.
Hunt, H. D.
Hamilton, Fred.
Haynes, M. R.
Henderson, W. H.
Harris, D. J.
Heywood, Jas. (2)
Hennessey Bros.
Hazzard, A.
Hedges, T. C.
Hollingsworth & Holly)
Hart, Wm. (of Howe's Cir.)
Heinlein, Alex
Hawkins, D. R.
Heywood, Wm.
Hutchinson, Jas. L. (2)
Howard, Bronson
Hogan, "Con"
Howe, (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Jackson, Chas. L. P. (2)
Linton, "Guy"
Lawlor, Frank
Leopold, Geo.
Lavache, Fred. 6c.
Leigh, T. J.
Lake, W.
Le Rue, W. (of Le Rue Family)
Lant, "Jerry"
Lent, C. M.
Taylor, Geo. A.
Tracy, John
Tom Thumb, "
Geal.
Toole, Montie
Taylor, Prof. E. C.
Talty, Major (for his agent)
Treloar, Capt. A.
Tyler, B. C., Sig.
Vickery, Frank
Van Wormer, G. H.
Wiggins, E. W.
Weisendorf, Robt.
Wilson, C. F.
Wilkinson, H. (of "Tony" Pas. Co.)
Wilson, Geo. (circus manager)
Warren, Geo (gymnast)
Willis, Richd. (contortionist)
Wallace, Wm. (contortionist)
Werner, "Ned"
Wood, Harry (late of Denman's Co.)
Wingfield & Gregory
Webb, Albert
Wilcox, H. B.
Washburn, Leon W. (2)
Warner, J. E (of K. Putnam's Co.)
Washburn, E. S. (2)
Williams, Claude (2)
Waters & Kelly (2)
Wiggins, Prof. S. F.
Warner, J. H.
Whiting, W. H. (of Bryant's Minst.
Wallace, Fred. R.
Wood, F. (of Wood & West)
Whalen, J. H.
Wagner, Carl
Winchell, Ed. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Wiggins, E. J. (wizard)
Wilson, Prof. Geo.
Young, Chas. W.
Zebold, G. W.

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Galveston (Tex.) Post-office for B. C. Potter and Frank Evans, both of Furbish's Co.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Feb. 19, '77.

"Down with the dust!" was the general exclamation last week, which was about the Marchiest week we ever experienced in February. Old Sol came up smiling every morning, only to have his eye shut by the rude blasts of ruder Boreas; and the eyes of the weary travelers were closed by the same means and in a like unceremonious manner. It was dust, dust everywhere, but not a drop to ——. Ah! that quotation refers to water, and we correct the error before letting it go any farther.... Lent commenced on Wednesday, Feb. 14, which was also Valentine's Day. The former is supposed to end all worldly frivolities, festivities and foolishness; the latter introduces gush, gallantry and genuine avowals of love, devotion and husbandry. It is likely that amusements were depressed by the advent of Lent, but not to any serious extent..... The Duke Alexis arrived in this city on Saturday, Feb. 17, and on the same evening honored his admiration for the ballet and opera-bouffe by taking in a performance at one of the up-town theatres. The lady smiled her sweetest, posed her prettiest, and otherwise did her best to please the Duke and his suite; and, as an additional acknowledgment of her gratification at the presence of the noble guests, sang a Russian song in the Russian language, which, in a few of us, beside the other Dukes, could understand. This visit to the theatre is an evidence that Alexis does not intend to permit Lent to interfere with his amusements.....For a number of years minstrels and variety specialists have delighted themselves and their auditors with a touching and simple little refrain entitled "Johnny Stole a Ham." This brilliant morceau has always been received with tokens of the keenest appreciation. There was never a question raised as to the truth of the theft, nor has there been any doubt as to the party who thus violated the common law as pertains to hams; but the motive which actuated the culprit in the perpetration of the deed, and involved him in a life-long litigation at the bar of public opinion, has ever been involved in mystery until the present time, when a more serious problem has compell ed the appointment of a commission to bring order out of disorder, and unchaosness out of chaos; and it was while this Presidential puzzle was being settled that the true story of the cause of Johnny's indiscretion was brought to light. Who first disclosed the motive, or who first brought it to the attention of the public, we do not know. But the dark mystery of years has been bared to the bright light of day by the following lines, which we find going the rounds of our exchanges. The lines have frequently aided in the dissemination of the news of Johnny's guilt, we make the amende by helping to make public in like manner the cause that impelled him to the commission of an offense against law and humanity. Here are the facts—in terse, vigorous language—as we find them in the papers of the day:

"Hard was he up;
And, in the hardness of his upness,
Stole he a ham?"

Thus we see that poverty was the incentive; and so let us look with pity on the erring one, and let charity eradicate the impecunious act from the criminal record. Let us trust, also, that the Presidential mystery may be solved in a like peaceful manner. ..... No class of people exhibit their patriotism in such an unmistakable form as our theatrical managers. They never let pass an opportunity to manifest their love of country, or to show their respect for the memory of those patriots who have gone before. Hard times may cut down a manager's receipts, but hard times can never lessen his patriotism—*that lives forever.* And so, on Thursday, Feb. 22, managers here and throughout the country will celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of Washington by giving entertainments by day and by night. Although we have never given credence to the story of George and the hatchet, we have no disposition at this late day to prove to the contrary. So, here's a caution..... Without going to the trouble to go behind the affidavits of the Returning Board..... Augusta, Geo., takes a just pride in the production of a curiosity which is half sheep and half hog. Why couldn't Augusta go the *whole* hog, like Cincinnati, while she was about it? It is probable that some of our enterprising showmen will interview "it" before the season opens..... As an augury that the circus campaign will soon commence, the steamship *Somerset* arrived at this port last week, loaded with *Summer salt!* [This latter part is not true, but it helps to give tone and finish to the foregoing.—ED.]..... When Brother Hewitt, pending the late election, sent word to the political Barnum to buy more mules, he gave an impetus to that branch of our industry which he never thought of doing, it is quite likely. It was only a week or two ago that an advertiser in THE CLIPPER offered a number of *woiues* for sale; but the fiend of the composing-room very composedly transformed it into *mules* for sale; and the unsuspecting advertiser has been compelled to "Go West" to escape the avalanche of mule-dealers that threatened him. Mules rule the market. Why, those of our show friends who possess *educated* mules have to keep guard over them to prevent other parties from forming an attachment for them. This isn't so very funny, but people are glad of an opportunity to laugh at *anything* these hard times..... Arthur Cheney, manager of the Globe Theatre, Boston, must have seen a very bad play somewhere on Tuesday night, while on a visit to this city; for, on proceeding to his hotel *from* the theatre, he was seized with a giddiness, and in a moment lay prostrate on the ground, where he was found by some good Samaritan passing by, and taken home, a place of safety until he recovered. The dreadful boy Jim now proposes to erect a monument to mark "the spot where he originally fell."..... Ah, ha! Manager Haverly has at last got his minstrels under foot, and intends to keep them there. (It were well to tell thee, friends, that it is Wm. Foote *Jr.*, they have under foot.—ED.) Talking about the bay, and the many great minds who practice at it, and plead for the rights of man, reminds us very much of "The Two Men of Sandy Bar," who have gone where the woodbine twineth not, to give an account of their Stuart-ship. In this connection we offer a few lines of eccentric poetry, in honor of the returned prodigal:

ROBSON
No longer shoaled on "Sandy Bar"—
With cause enough to rue it—
He's with us once again; but, lo!
Not at the "House of Stuart."
The reason now of his distress
Is that he *couldn't stand the Press!*

.....With such a kind regard to care for the happiness of the little ones, we would kindly suggest to General Mite, who is now on exhibition in Providence, that he must never marry any young lady whose name is Dinah; because, if he should perpetrate such a suicidal act, *Dinah might blow him up.* So, here's a caution..... Without going to the thought impenders, meddling with these things which do not concern us, we make so bold as to say that, while Mrs. Brooks charges twenty-five cents to see her *butter-head*, untamed old rams *butt ahead* for nothing..... It is our province to defend the profession against the assaults of a common foe, and we rejoice that to us has fallen this pleasant task. A hilarious exchange states that "Ole Bull has a turn-up nose—*Swedish* turnup." Nose, sir—having traveled so much, his must be a *roamin'* nose. Beet that! Our withers are unwrung..... Sitting Bull, Spotted Tail, and Crazy Horse would make a sensation in connection with the fat men's races in Gilmore's Garden. And here it may be well to remark, in order to keep the record straight and square, that these latter gentlemen are not soap-fat men..... Some disastrous "hotel writer" in Chicago has been mean enough to publish to the world the statement that Clara Louise Kellogg's daily breakfast consists of pigs' feet, tripe and liver. It is to be hoped that the Queen of Song doesn't buy tripe on a Friday." The dishes named would make the lovers of music would imagine an American primadonna would be satisfied with, when quail on toast, Spring chicken, tenderloins, and other rarebits are to be had; but, as old Mrs. Calhosey remarked of the destroyers of victuals at "Our Boarding-house," "everything to his taste, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow." Still, although a codfish-cake may please one, it takes a morsel of Irish stew to satisfy another."..... And while on the subject of professional rations, it is with sincere pleasure that we learn of the self-abnegation of the managers of the San Francisco Minstrels, who, in offering the freedom of "Our Hash-house" to the public of New York, this week, make assurance doubly sure by the announcement that "the hash can be inspected." This shows a confidence in their provender, and a tender regard for the tastes of their patrons, which all boarding-houskeepers would do well to emulate and encourage. Some people have very peculiar ideas concerning the belligerent rights of others, and talk of "war to the death," "war to the bitter end," and so on, as though strife and carnage belonged to them exclusively. Our latest intelligence from London informs us that one of the theatres in that city has announced a new sensation—a play bearing the sanguinary and hostile title of "War to the Knife!" Now, how long do you suppose the war lasted? Just two nights, and then the house and its military oppressors closed for repairs. People have had enough of war, of blood, and of carnage..... We would suggest that Alexis and Duke Constantine, being young men, visit the Thomas Comique one evening this week, and witness Ned Harrigan's new eccentric comedy of "Matrimonial Ads." To add to the interest of the occasion Tony Hart may be induced to sing an Irish song in the pure Irish language. The royal party can also see "Miss Mutton" at this house. Let the Grand Duke Nick bear it in mind..... And speaking of "Mutton" naturally brings us to Lamb, as you shall see. At the Olympic, one night last week, "a fire in the rear," as Gen. Scott used to say, served up Lamb, well done. It has all along been supposed that that favorite actor was too tough to tear anything; but the first application of the fire proved him to be a *Spring* Lamb! For details see account in City Summary..... We want to compose a verse in honor of a Western manager. If we did not get in a rhyme occasionally we should feel very badly over it. Hence we append a few

BEAUTIFUL LINES.

A Cincinnati manager
Would now not act a minute;
Yet, with the play give "The Colleen Bawn,"
You'll find that "*Miles*" *is in it!*

.....So Neilson has got a divorce! Driven her late husband on a *Lee* shore, as it were! Well, well —none of us are safe nowadays; the moment we gain a reputation as the husband of the fascinating So-and-so, the courts rule us out, notwithstanding we are assured that no man will be permitted to put us asunder. And this is Lent..... A correspondent, writing to us about a favorite star actor, says "he carried the house with him." And yet he is by no means a *Strong* man, physically..... Let it be mind that Miss Effie Ellsler, wife of Mr. Charles R. Thorne *Jr.* is to receive a benefit at the Union-square Theatre on Tuesday evening, Feb. 20. Now, as he is a general favorite, suppose the ladies should present him with a rose-ate crown on that occasion, would it be out of order to call it a crown of Thorne's?..... Then our cockney friend in London comes here, somebody ought to caution them about their mistaken use of the letter h. Now, there's Millie Tournour, who is doing the "Queen of the Air" business at Tony Pastor's. In speaking of her, one of our friends from over there called her the "Queen of the Hair." This isn't right, because it tends to create a feeling of envy among the other girls, and a corner in hair is the result.....With a recklessness that surprises us, the manager of the Aquarium announces that he has a "man-eating alligator" in his show. Does he imagine that any man will be foolish enough to go there when such monsters are tolerated and encouraged in their ravenous propensities? Does this manager mean to inform us that he has a hungry man eating alligator? If so, the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" will soon scoop him in.....They have the "Big 8" in Washington, but they don't afford half as much amusement as Tony Pastor's "Big 4" give us, even throwing in Fitzhugh, who is a "bigger man than old Grant,".....When the Kiralfys commence their "Trip to the Moon," suppose a number of people should get in on trust, would it be proper to call them luna-tics?..... Domestic attractions are in order, and now we find that Kelly & Leon have got "Our Hired Girl." What with "Our Boarding-house," "Our Hash-house" and "Our Hired Girl," our people have nothing to desire.

CITY SUMMARY.

J. P. CLARK played John Dory in "Wild Oats" at Wallack's Theatre three or four nights last week, during the illness of Edward Arnot.

EDWARD W. ORRIN of the Orrin Brothers returned in the steamship City of Vera Cruz Feb. 16 from Havana, Cuba, where he has been to arrange about taking out a first-class Novelty Combination at the end of March.

MONS. EUGENE LAVIGNE, a prominent manager in Paris, France, has just entered into contract with Edmond Gerson of this city, agreeing to produce in the United States several of the recent immense ballet spectacles of Paris, with their original scenery and costumes. The first will be "Un Drame au Fond de la Mer" ("A Drama at the Bottom of the Sea"), which met with great success at the Chatelet this season, and it will be produced early in April at one of our leading theatres. A part of the scenery has already been shipped per steamer St. Laurent.

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THE FRENCH ATTRACTIONS at the London include Robert Butler, John Franklin and John Hall in the pantomime of "Nix," the three Sharpleys, Annie and Andy Hughes, Cordella and Victorelli, Dave Walling and Dan Tracy, and Della Sheppard. The following of last week's company will be retained: Wm. Carleton, Sam Holdsworth, Emma Hoffman and McVicker and Saunders.

HARRIGAN & HART have renewed their lease of the Theatre Comique for one year from May 1, 1877.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE a remunerative business has been done, and Harrigan & Hart continue to exert themselves to please their patrons, not only so far as their own performances are concerned, but through their manager, M. W. Hanley, in securing fresh attractions. Among the latter on Feb. 12 were Neil Burgess and Harry Thorn, Dick Sands, Harry Richmond, McKee and Seamon, Crossley and Elder, and A. W. Sawyer. Neil Burgess evinced his skill in female impersonations by cleverly acting Mrs. Barnaby Bibbs, and Harry Thorn gave a humorous portraiture of the henpecked husband—Barnaby Bibbs—in the opening sketch, called "The Coming Woman." Dick Sands displayed his well-known ability as a clog-dancer, keeping excellent time, and introducing a great variety of difficult steps. Harry Richmond, aided by Billy Barry, was seen in a sketch called "The Modern School of Acting," which, although funny, lost much of its effect by being prolonged to a somewhat wearisome extent. The words of the Immortal Bard—"Brevity is the soul of wit"—are peculiarly applicable to this case. McKee and Seamon were fairly successful in their songs-and-dances and Ethiopian specialties. Crossley and Elder gave their somewhat familiar field-sports, which elicited the approval of the spectators. A. W. Sawyer's performances on musical glasses were deservedly applauded. Besides these, Sanford and Wilson, assisted by G. W. H. Griffin, performed a sketch called "The Tramps' Jubilee," which provoked much laughter, and Harrigan and Hart repeated their clever impersonations of the chief characters in "Our Irish Cousin," in which nearly the entire company appeared.

TONY PASTOR, ever mindful that his patrons desire frequent changes in the attractions presented at his theatre, reinforced his company Feb. 12 with Tierney and Cronin, Miss Jennie Morgan, the Richmond Sisters, Cheevers and Kennedy, John Riley, T. D. Riggs, Miss Marie Donaldson, and C. Worley, who reappeared after a brief absence. Tierney and Cronin gave "The Ashantee Recruits" and other songs-and-dances with success. Jennie Morgan sang a number of ballads, among them a fresh one, entitled "See that my Grave's kept Green," which were received with manifestations of approbation. Lulu and Josie Richmond in their songs-and-dances evince a marked improvement since their first appearance in this city, and now occupy a foremost rank in their branch of the profession. They were clad in new costumes of pink satin faced with white, and presented a neat appearance. They are earnest workers, and pay much attention to their costumes. Cheevers and Kennedy gave character songs-and dances, changing from German to Irish, and then to negro, in a very short space of time. Their success was pronounced. John Riley gave Irish character songs-and-dances. In make-up, gait and gestures he bore a close resemblance to Pat Rooney. T. D. Riggs and Miss Donaldson acted respectively the characters of Bill Mawley and Sallie Wright in the closing sketch of "The Working Girls of New York," in which Tony Pastor appeared for the first time in this theatre in the character of Dick Soft. Charles Worley, aided by Frank Girard, acted the opening sketch of "Hard Cheese." The programme also included a jig and songs-and dances by the twin sisters French, by Miss Minnie and Lena; a number of songs by Tony Pastor, given in his best style; Sam Devere in his sketch of "Domestic Difficulties;" and Scanlon and Cronin in their specialty of "Life in a Tenement-house." Attendance large.

AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE "Monsieur Alphonse," the principal features of which were quite satisfactorily acted by members of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre Company, formed the attraction the past week. The attendance fell off somewhat. For future reference the cast is appended: Captain Montaglin, D. H. Harkins; Octave (Monsieur Alphonse), B. T. Ringgold; Jovin, Frank Chapman; Remy, Geo. Clarke; Baroness de Prefont, Miss Antoinette Walter; Madame Guichard, Miss Ida Jeffreys; Adrienne, Miss Nellie Irving; Bonette, Miss Mary Wells; Manon, Miss Mabel Childs.

SOME FEW CHANGES were made in "Fifth Avenue," at Booth's Theatre, the past week. Owing to the departure of Henry A. Weaver to supply E. L. Davenport's place in the traveling company playing "Dan'l Druce," Pennsylvania Joe Ford acted the character of Jem Maggs. Joseph A. Wilkes acted Sergeant Mulligan, hitherto impersonated by C. W. Butler. John Wild performed songs-and-dances in the fourth act, and George S. Knight gave a Dutch recitation in the third act. In the scene representing Wall street, in the second act, in which a view of Trinity Church is presented, the peals of a chime of bells were heard. The attendance continued large.

MUSICAL NOTES.—Mme. Essipoff gave three concerts at Steinway Hall during the past week—Feb. 13, 16, and matinee 17. Miss Palma, a contralto-singer, assisted at the first and last concert, and M. Vivien, cornet-player, at each of the entertainments.....Slavin's Georgia Cabin-singers gave a charity concert Feb. 14 at Chickering Hall..... A programme of English glees was rendered at Chickering Hall on Thursday evening, Messrs. Ellard, Nilsen, Baird and Aiken, and Misses Beebe and Finch and Mrs. Hills being the performers. C. Flori officiated as accompanist..... A complimentary benefit was tendered Mr. Carl Alves, a well-known vocal instructor, by his pupils, at Steinway Hall, Feb. 15. Among the participants were Miss Agnes Florence, a soprano-vocalist who on this occasion ma'e a successful debut; Miss Schuetz, alto; C. Steinbuch, baritone; Mr. Specht, tenor; and Alves, piano and violin..... Mme. C. Rockwood, a tenor whose singing is familiar to concert-goers in this city, gave an instructive lecture-concert at the Charlier Institute Feb. 15. The subject, "A Historical Sketch of the Development of Sacred Music," was liberally illustrated by several vocalists and others, including Miss Kate Stark, soprano; John Lombard, bass; Mr. Goodyear, organist; and a choir under the direction of C. S. Fischer *Jr.*..... Miss Arabella Root, soprano, was heard in several solos at the concert given at Chickering Hall on Friday evening, for the benefit of the poor. She was assisted in a number of concerted selections by Mme. J. T. Logan, contralto, and Messrs. W. J. Hill, tenor; F. F. Bourne, basso; and Henry Galt, baritone. M. G. Arbuckle the cornet-player performed, and Messrs. J. O. Schultz and J. G. Bierck were the accompanists..... The Philharmonic Society rendered their fourth concert of the season at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening. S. B. Mills, pianist, was the soloist. ..... The Kellogg English-opera Company presented "The Star of the North" at the Academy of Music on Saturday afternoon..... A concert was given at the Grand Opera-house on Sunday evening by the Colored Jubilee Singers..... Mlle. Almo sang in "La Petite Marise" on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and appeared in a new version of Offenbach's "La Perichole" on Thursday and the remainder of the week. The new arrangement does not change the first act of the old version, makes a slight change in the finale of the second act, and a considerable alteration in the third act, dividing it into two tableaux. In this last act the Viceroy's dinner-scene has been omitted, and a prison-scene replaces it. Mr. Raoul enacted Piquillo..... Lively preparations are now progressing for the tortheoming Wagner Festival, at which a representation of "Die Walkure" is to be the feature..... Miss Abbott's debut here in Italian opera transpires on Feb. 23.

THE CHANGES in the programme at the San Francisco Minstrels since our last report have been "Let All Obey," sung by H. W. Frillman; "Welcome Footsteps," by Hannah Marix, and "The Bonnie Fishwife," Charles Backus; "There's a Letter in the Candle," by D. S. Wambold; "Solid Dishes to the Front," by Billy Birch; and for the finale to the first-part "Ginger Blues." The sketch of "Laughing Gas" was also revived.

THE ATTENDANCE continues large at the Fifth-avenue theatre. "Lemons" has proved to be a strong magnet. Every character in it is uncommonly well acted.

EXTRA MATINEES will be given at nearly all of our places of public amusement on Thursday, Feb. 22, the anniversary of Washington's Birthday.

STRAKOSCH AND HAVERLY give the condition of affairs the entire past week at the Park Theatre, where Grover's comedy of "Our Boarding-house" continues the attraction.

SIGNOR ERNESTO MASCAGNO, who danced in "Sardanapalus" at Booth's Theatre, has been engaged by the Kiralfy brothers as ballet-master and premier-dancer at Niblo's Garden.

THE ONE HUNDREDTH consecutive performance of Robert Heller at his Wonder Theatre took place on Wednesday night, Feb. 14. Owing to Miss Heller being slightly indisposed, Punch and Judy was substituted that night for the Living Pictures, which were, however, reproduced later in the week. The business continues excellent.

THERE HAS BEEN NO FALLING-OFF in the attendance at Niblo's Garden, the auditorium having been densely crowded the past week. "Around the World in Eighty Days" will hold the stage but a short time longer, and then give place to "A Trip to the Moon."

HARRY RICHMOND has effected a settlement of the case in which he was recently arrested and locked up in the Tombs, and subsequently released on bail, Edward Power having withdrawn the charge.

OUR SUGGESTION that a few variety performers be introduced in the play of "Pique" at Mallenhoffs" has not yet been acted upon by the managers of the Union-square Theatre. Why not? Give us something to relieve the sad aspect of the piece.

NO ONE having accepted Dr. Landis' challenge to act, that gentleman has given up the ghost of "Hamlet," and will hereafter confine his attention to lecturing. GEORGE F. ROWE's play of "Fifth Avenue" is not a pronounced success; and as fast as the manager of Booth's Theatre can cut out the original text and substitute the specialties of variety stars, the better it will be for the manager, if not for the author. It's rough on the two Georges—Rowe and Rignold.

SEVERAL of the small variety halls got unusually good notices in the editorial columns of the dailies last week. We shouldn't wonder if some of the legitimate theatres should try the same little game as that worked so successfully by the lesser lights.

"THE TWO ORPHANS" is to be produced at the Grand Opera-house Feb. 19, and the cast will include Mrs. Marie Wilkins, Mrs. F. Tannehill, the Misses Ida Savory, Nina Varian, Louise Sylvester, Kate Meek, Cecile Rush, Ellen Thorpe, Helen Vincent, F. Levian, Messrs. Samuel Piercy, G. F. Devere, G. W. Giddens, M. W. Leffingwell, Louis Aldrich, J. Peakes, J. Struthers, H. B. Phillips, F. Tannehill, G. Burkes, Charles Warwick, J. Clement, and G. Dalton.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS are doing an encouraging business, and during the past week made the following changes in their programme: J. H. Surridge sang "Only Be Kind;" Lew Benedict, "Bimebye;" Master Martin, who made his first appearance Feb. 12, danced "The Essence of Old Virginny," and later impersonated a monkey in "The Great Box Mystery;" Frank Bowles performed a solo on the cornet; and Ed. Lester, Japanese Tommy, and Sam Price acted a sketch called "A Five Cent Shave and a Bath," which met with great success at the Chatelet this season, and it will be produced early in April at one of our leading theatres. A part of the scenery has already been shipped per steamer St. Laurent.

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HARRIGAN & H

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY.—On Monday evening, Feb. 26, will be celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the opening of the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on which occasion Mme. Marietta Gazzaniga will make her farewell appearance on the stage. Twenty years ago the Academy of Music was inaugurated by Mme. Gazzaniga and Signor Brignoli, the opera of "Trovatore" being given, and the same opera will be given on the present occasion, and, as before, Mme. Gazzaniga and Signor Brignoli will appear.

A CASE was tried in the Court of Common Pleas, Philadelphia, on the 15th inst., in which H. Barton sought to recover damages from C. D. Hess, trading as the Kellogg English-opera Troupe, for a breach of a contract to employ plaintiff as a chorus-singer in the defendant's company. The case was similar to one previously tried, the contract being made with a third party, and the defense being that this person was not an agent, nor was he authorized to enter into such an engagement with plaintiff. The jury—as in the other case—found a verdict for the defendant.

FREDERICK G. GEYER died in Philadelphia on the 12th inst. in the 40th year of his age. He was a musician and a member of the Philadelphia Musical Association, which attended the funeral on the 18th inst. from his late residence in that city.

THE FREEZERS will appear in Balte's popular opera "The Bohemian Girl" at an extra matinee at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Washington's Birthday.

A DOUBLE BASS and tuba-player wants an engagement. See F. Schmidt's card.

THE RICHINGS-BERNARD OPERA TROUPE constitute this week's attractions at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG appeared at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, L. I., Feb. 14, in "The Flying Dutchman," and "Faust" 16.....At the Church Edifice, Mme. Annette Essipoff appeared Feb. 15, assisted by Miss Palma, Mons. Vivien and Mons. Duhem. A concert will be given at the Tabernacle Feb. 22, at which the following artists will appear: Madame Pappenheim, Miss Antonio Henne, Charles Fritsch, Adolph Sohst, Alfred H. Pease, Geo. W. Morgan and Emile Agramonte.....The Philharmonic Society gave their third concert 17 at the Academy of Music.....The Swedish Ladies' Vocal Quartet will give a concert at Dr. Scudder's Church Feb. 28 .....Miss Emma Abbott will appear at the Academy of Music Feb. 26, assisted by C. Fritsch, tenor; Signor Ferranti, buffo; M. Sieffert, violinist; Mrs. W. R. Case, pianist; and Charles Pratt, accompanist. Advices on Feb. 19.

THE STRAKOSCH ENGLISH AND ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY, under the direction of Max Maretzek, will commence a week's season at the Kiralfys' Broadstreet Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 19th inst. Gounod's opera "Faust and Marguerite" will then be produced for the first time in America in its entirety; four performances being given in Italian and two in English, in order to give due effect to the scene of "The Night of Walpurgis," which will then be introduced for the first time in America. Signor Errani, Miss Macagno, Mlle. Phillis, Mme. Muzzolini, the Viola Sisters and ballet corps will appear therein.

MISS LIZZIE MACARTNEY, soprano; Miss Sybella Mayer, contralto; and Miss Carl Gaertner, Charles H. Jarvis, William A. Briscoe, John Graff, and George Ford appe rel at a concert at Association Hall, Philadelphia, on the 13th inst.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE commence a season at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on March 5.

THE MÆNNERCHOR SOCIETY of Philadelphia, on the evening of the 13th inst., at their annual ball at the Academy of Music, rendered a number of vocal selections from "Der Freischutz," under the direction of Prof. William Wolsieffer.

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell will give entertainments in Hartford, Ct., Feb. 19, New Britain 20, Bridgeport 21, Meriden 22, Waterbury 23, New Haven 26, and Hartford 27. They closed a successful engagement in Cincinnati, O., 10th, and the press of that city notices them as follows:

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.—The Berger Family and Sol Russell have established themselves as prime favorites with the theatre-going public; and they deserve their popularity. It has been honestly earned. Their entertainments are patronized by the best people of the city, and their praise is the theme of every tongue.—*Enquirer*, Feb. 8.

THE BERGER AND RUSSELL TROUPE.—The reception tendered them in the shape of artists and the impersonator of comic characters Mr. Sol Smith Russell, last night, was one of enthusiastic appreciation. Seldom has an audience manifested greater pleasure than that which the performances in the family excited. . . . The singing of Miss Louise Franklin, the cornet solos of Anna Teresa Berger, and the saxaphone solo of Miss Morgan were all strongly encored.—*Daily Times*, Feb. 6.

VARIETY HALLS.

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CONCERNING CINCINNATI VARIETY HALLS, our correspondent wrote on Feb. 15: "J. Z. Little, James S. and Katie Edwards, and Dick Gorman were the fresh appearances at the National Theatre Comique 11, Cordella and Victorelli being also re-engaged. Mr. Little appeared in the drama of 'Roving Jack,' and evinced melodramatic powers of a high order. The Edwardses figured in a musical sketch called 'Man and Wife,' in which they were excellent. Dick Gorman's Dutch songs also made a hit. Business fair. Departures 17: Cordella and Victorelli, to Newark, N. J.; Annie Clark, Chicago; Fitzgerald and Ryan, Louisville; and Collins Brothers. Billed for 18: Frank Jones, Carrie Lewis, and Turner and Greyer.....Business at Heuck's Hall remains large. W. J. Mills, Ida Clifton, Mollie De Mar, Francois and Eugene Blitz were added 11. Mr. Mills' change and character songs took well. Ida Clifton and Mollie De Mar are neat serio-comic vocalists. Francois does a fair magical act, and the 'Punch-and-Judy' exhibition of Mr. Blitz was clever. Frankie Lee, the Zanfretta Troupe, Eloise Allen and James Douglass furnished the rest of the entertainment. Necklets was announced, but, owing to illness, her engagement was postponed one week. Departure 17: Zanfretta Troupe, to Philadelphia. To appear 18: Dick Mack, Billy Noonan, Alice Bateman, Marie Sherman, and Neoskleta.....The Coliseum has done a good business. New appearances 11: Antonio Family, the Bywons, and Howard Dorr and Son. Marina and Annie Antonio, pretty young misses, did a fair song-and-dance. Wash Antonio's contortion act was good. Lottie Antonio and the rest of the family appeared in a pantomime. Fred and Lizzie Byron's musical sketches took well. Alton Byron danced nicely. Howard Dorr and Son appeared in a fine gymnastic act. Departures 17: C. C. Matthews, Belle Celeste and Adrienne Grey, to Chicago; and Shepard and Whitney. To open 18: Tennessee Jubilee Singers (eight in number), Josephine Shandley, Clark and Fletcher, Levino Brothers, and Fanny Florence.....James Allen, Billy Robinson, Billy Forrester, Lucy Forrester, and Nellie Dunbar were the additions to the company at the Winter Garden. Biz fair.....At the Eldorado, Gracie May closes 17. Etta May and Ada Whiting open 18. Biz fair. The rebuilding of this theatre has been postponed till March 1. . . . Bledsching's Hall, it is reported, is to be temporarily reopened 19, under management of J. S. Sheppard."

THE HOMERS—Billy and Minnie—the Snow Brothers—Ben, Louis and Eddie—and Miss Iona Lang were the new appearances at the Metropolitan Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Feb. 12, where business has been better. The Homers appeared in an act entitled "The Irish Emigrants," which was nightly encored. Later in the evening Minnie Homer appeared in Irish songs-and-dances, which took well. Billy Laclede and Tommy Haley close 17, destination unknown. Miss Nully Pieris and Fitzgerald and Ryan open 19. Letter of Feb. 16.

JOHN PENDY and Miss Florence Warner were married in Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 24. Miss Warner is a native of England, and came to this country in 1874 with Schumann's Transatlantic Novelty Combination.

ARTISTS are wanted at the Athenæum, Columbus, O. See Chas. L. Howard's card.

LEW JOHNSON, jubilee-singer, begins an engagement in Cincinnati, O., Feb. 19.

AT THE ATHENÆUM, Columbus, O., our correspondent under date of Feb. 15 writes that "business still continues fair. The first appearance of a new selections from "Der Freischutz," under the direction of Prof. William Wolsieffer.

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell will give entertainments in Hartford, Ct., Feb. 19, New Britain 20, Bridgeport 21, Meriden 22, Waterbury 23, New Haven 26, and Hartford 27. They closed a successful engagement in Cincinnati, O., 10th, and the press of that city notices them as follows:

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.—The Berger Family and Sol Russell have established themselves as prime favorites with the theatre-going public; and they deserve their popularity. It has been honestly earned. Their entertainments are patronized by the best people of the city, and their praise is the theme of every tongue.—*Enquirer*, Feb. 8.

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AT THE HOLLIDAY-STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., the last week's attendances was good. O. D. Byron appeared as Joe Ferris in "Across the Continent" Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday matinee, and as Hero, Gen. George Bassett, and Donald McKay in "Hero" on Wednesday and Thursday nights, and impersonated the title-role in "Ben McCullough" on Friday, Saturday, and Saturday matinee. His chief support throughout the week comprised M. W. Leffingwell, E. B. Holmes, C. Herbert, I. N. Randall, Christie Miller, Geo. France, C. Fleming, G. L. Stout, Estelle Mortimer, Kate Noah, Eliza Oliver, Miss Miller and others, who acquitted themselves creditably. The olio included Carroll and Barry, Jas. Bradley, Adele Leonard, and the Miscos. Closing 17: M. W. Leffingwell and O. D. Byron, the latter to Pittsburg, Pa. To open Feb. 19: Pat Rooney, Watson and Ellis, Cheeseman and Dudley, the Brahams—Harry and Lizzie —Will. H. Morton, and the Foy Sisters (also announced in Pittsburg, Pa.—ED. CLIPPER). On Feb. 12 Special-officer J. C. Bransby fell from a ladder and broke his leg. Manager Gilmore and O. D. Byron are the employes contributed a hundred dollars for the wounded officer.....At the New Central Theatre the attractions included Lizzie Mulvey in songs-and-dances; Kearney and Moran in Irish comicalities; Mons. Grossi's ballet, entitled "Merrigold Bells;" Carrie Avery in serio-comic songs; Clark Brothers in an act called "The Musical Tramp;" Nellie St. John in ballads; the Tudors—John and Amy—in a musical sketch; and George K. Fortesque in a burlesque. Closing Feb. 17: Lizzie Mulvey and George K. Fortesque, to New York; Kearney and Moran, to Washington, D. C.; Clark Bros., Nellie St. John and the Tudors, no engagements. Billed for 19: Geo. W. Middleton, the Dillions, Cassis and James—Kitty Parker, Mark Sniffin, the Fontainebleaus—Blanche, Leona and Ella; and Walter Bray will make his first appearance since he fell and sprained his ankle.....At the Odeon, Carrie Lewis, Marie David, Lon Edwards and Mollie Brown gave a capt ious reception to the pictures in their grotesque dances, Billy Carroll in Irish songs, Murphy and Morton in Irish songs-and-dances, Miss Adah Richmond in serio-comic songs, Taylor, Green and Taylor in their musical act (reported as having performed in Hartford, Ct., the past week.—ED. CLIPPER), Curry and Fox in a clever gymnastic act, and Ned and Willie Ainsley and Master Dunn in songs-and-dances. The Fieldings, Harry G. Richmond, Emmerson and Clark, and Miss Alice Bennett will be added to the company on the 19th inst. Under the new management this theatre appears likely to become a most favorite place of resort.

THE NEW FACES at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburg, Pa., commencing Feb. 12, were Miss Carlotta Banks, serio-comic vocalist, whose efforts to please not being favorably received, her further services were dispensed with. Gilday and Shriver met with success in plantation songs-and-dances; Mme. Vellefez, "the Lady with the Iron Jaw," gave some clever feats; Miss Fanny Douglass was fairly successful in serio-comic songs; the Murrays—Ed. and Alice—gave a very interesting Irish vocal sketch. The Emmas as the leading act in the olio, and Ned Sutton, with Charley Benedict and Wm. Giniven on the ends, and George W. Herman as interlocutor. Business fair. Departures: McCullough and Casey, to Cincinnati, O.; D'Alves Sisters, to Philadelphia, Pa. Arrivals 19: Miss Belle Norton's Combination, Miss Rose Goodall, Wm. Griffiths, the Foy Sisters, and Western and Walling. Letter of Feb. 17.

BILLY WRIGHT, the veteran Ethiopian comedian of Philadelphia, is rapidly recovering from his recent illness.

MELLIZ'S WINTER GARDEN THEATRE, Philadelphia, received a fair share of patronage during the past week. The programme included as fresh features the banjo-solos of J. K. Campbell, the serio-comic vocalism of Miss Emma Brennan, the operatic selections of Miss Millie Pyne, and the Ethiopian specialties of Johnny Morrissey, who made a deservedly good hit. Specially for the week ending 24 and Ione Murdoch, Little Josie, the Lentons, Ella Esmond, Lew and Lena Cole, Bob and Alice Daily, Stella La Grille, Harry Blanchard, and Searles, Beggs and Heaty.

AT ENOCHS' VARIETIES, Philadelphia, business has been brisk during the week ending Feb. 17. The new faces were Harry and John Kernell, who appeared to more than sustain their popularity in Irish specialties; the Misses Minnie Clyde and Nellie Germon, whose vocal contributions were well appreciated; Miss Rose Wiington in statues, and Willie and Sully in songs-and-dances, which received loud praise. Harry and John Kernell and Willie Gaylord closed 17. The new arrivals announced Feb. 19 are the Carroll Family, Crossley and Elder and Billy Hart.

THE SR. FELIX SISTERS, who are now performing at the Academy of Music, Montreal, Canada, can be addressed care of this office.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

HAVERLY'S NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS, under Wm. Foote Jr.'s management, were at Columbus, Ga., Feb. 17, and are to appear at Opelika, Ala., 19, Montgomery 20, Selma 21, Meridian, Miss., 22, Jackson 23, and Vicksburg 24. The company are reported as meeting with success on their Southern tour, and several extracts from the press, published elsewhere, show that their entertainment has met with a substantial appreciation.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS showed in Monmouth, Ill., Feb. 12. Galesburg 13, Lewiston 14, Canton 15, and Peoria 16.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS are to show in Frankfort, Ky., Feb. 19, Lexington 20, Covington 21, Dayton, O., 22, Richmond, Ind., 23, Indianapolis 24, De Pauw Opera-house, St. Louis, one week, beginning 26.

MME. RENTZ'S FEMALE MINSTRELS exhibited in Austin, Texas, Feb. 10, 12, 13, San Marcos 14, San Antonio 15, 16, 17, 18 (Sunday), and are billed in Seguin 19, Columbus 20, Houston 21, 22, Galveston 23, 24, 25 (Sunday), Hempstead 26, Navasota 27, Brenham 28, Bryan March 1, Waco 2, 3, Calvert 5, Corsicanna 6, Fort Worth 7, 8, Dallas 9, 10. Business is reported excellent.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS gave an entertainment in Reading, Pa., Feb. 14, Norristown 15, and Harrisburg 16.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS opened for one week at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Feb. 12, and have done a splendid business. W. Elmerlyle in vocal selections, Bob Mack and Billy Kersands in comic sketches, and the entire company in a sketch entitled "Talent for Barnum," were very clever.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, Brooklyn, L. I., closed their season Feb. 17. The troupe opens in Washington, D. C., 19.

WE REGRET to announce that, during the matinee performance of Hooley's Minstrels, Brooklyn, Feb. 17, W. W. Newcomb, the end-man, while performing in the closing pantomime, fell on the stage and broke his leg. He is now at the City Hotel, New York City.

SIMMONS & SLOCUM'S MINSTRELS commence an engagement of one week at the Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre Feb. 19.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS show in St. Louis, Mo., during the week commencing Feb. 26.

ABECCO, the well-known harpist and tenor, goes to San Francisco, Cal., with Billy Emerson's Minstrels.

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HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS are to occupy Ford's Opera-house, Washington, D. C., Feb. 19 and until further notice.

BUSH'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS opened in Victoria, B. C., Feb. 14, for three nights, then to Oregon for two weeks. The company are now under the management of Chas. B. Hicks, and he says that they will positively sail for Australia in the steamship City of Sydney Feb. 28, Maguire & Haverly having no longer any control of the party.

J. L. CARNCROSS' tasteful and expressive singing of the ballad "The Mariner's Daughter" was a pleasing feature of the new first-part presented last week by Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, Philadelphia. Mr. Carncross was complimented with a large attendance on the occasion of his benefit, Feb. 16.

SWEATNAM & FRASER'S MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, presented last week as fresh attractions the laughable sketches of "Across the Continent" and "Two Tramps."

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS, who have been for many years before the public, continue to meet with success, which is an evidence of Mr. Duprez's managerial ability. They perform in Pittston, Pa., Feb. 19, Easton 20, and Newark 21, 22. Pennsylvania and Delaware journals notice their entertainments as follows:

DUPREZ & BENEDICT.—Notwithstanding the immense jam at the Court-house last night, this extraordinary minstrel organization was greeted with a "crowded house." The gallery especially being packed, and standing room extremely scarce. The performance was, of course, excellent in every respect, the company maintaining its well-won reputation as a first-class combination. Some of the farces were side-splitting, and George Edwards could "play off" on a hit in one of them. The jokes were fresh and the singing of the highest order. Fox and Ward, the old favorites, and Brown gave a capt ious reception to the pictures in their grotesque dances, Billy Carroll in Irish songs, Murphy and Morton in Irish songs-and-dances, Miss Adah Richmond in serio-comic songs, Taylor, Green and Taylor in their musical act (reported as having performed in Hartford, Ct., the past week.—ED. CLIPPER), Curry and Fox in a clever gymnastic act, and Ned and Willie Ainsley and Master Dunn in songs-and-dances. The Fieldings, Harry G. Richmond, Emmerson and Clark, and Miss Alice Bennett will be added to the company on the 19th inst. Under the new management this theatre appears likely to become a most favorite place of resort.

THE NEW FACES at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburg, Pa., commencing Feb. 12, were Miss Carlotta Banks, serio-comic vocalist, whose efforts to please not being favorably received, her further services were dispensed with. Gilday and Shriver met with success in plantation songs-and-dances; Mme. Vellefez, "the Lady with the Iron Jaw," gave some clever feats; Miss Fanny Douglass was fairly successful in serio-comic songs; the Murrays—Ed. and Alice—gave a very interesting Irish vocal sketch. The Emmas as the leading act in the olio, and Ned Sutton, with Charley Benedict and Wm. Giniven on the ends, and George W. Herman as interlocutor. Business fair. Departures: McCullough and Casey, to Cincinnati, O.; D'Alves Sisters, to Philadelphia, Pa. Arrivals 19: Miss Belle Norton's Combination, Miss Rose Goodall, Wm. Griffiths, the Foy Sisters, and Western and Walling. Letter of Feb. 17.

BILLY WRIGHT, the veteran Ethiopian comedian of Philadelphia, is rapidly recovering from his recent illness.

MELLIZ'S WINTER GARDEN THEATRE, Philadelphia, received a fair share of patronage during the past week. The programme included as fresh features the banjo-solos of J. K. Campbell, the serio-comic vocalism of Miss Emma Brennan, the operatic selections of Miss Millie Pyne, and the Ethiopian specialties of Johnny Morrissey, who made a deservedly good hit. Specially for the week ending 24 and Ione Murdoch, Little Josie, the Lentons, Ella Esmond, Lew and Lena Cole, Bob and Alice Daily, Stella La Grille, Harry Blanchard, and Searles, Beggs and Heaty.

AT ENOCHS' VARIETIES, Philadelphia, business has been brisk during the week ending Feb. 17. The new faces were Harry and John Kernell, who appeared to more than sustain their popularity in Irish specialties; the Misses Minnie Clyde and Nellie Germon, whose vocal contributions were well appreciated; Miss Rose Wiington in statues, and Willie and Sully in songs-and-dances, which received loud praise. Harry and John Kernell and Willie Gaylord closed 17. The new arrivals announced Feb. 19 are the Carroll Family, Crossley and Elder and Billy Hart.

THE SR. FELIX SISTERS, who are now performing at the Academy of Music, Montreal, Canada, can be addressed care of this office.

CIRCUSES.

CURIOSITIES are wanted for the museum or sideshow exhibition with Howes' London Circus. See Harris & Story's card.

JAMES MAGUIRE, clown and comic-singer, can be addressed care of this office for engagements.

CHARLEY DE WOLF, Cochecho Indian and hurdle rider, can be engaged with horse. See card.

PROF. HUNTER, magician and Punch-and-Judy performer, is open for an engagement for the tenting season. See card.

BARNUM'S show has closed railroad contracts for the ensuing season in the New England States and Canada.

W. P., who advertises, wants to purchase or hire a 110-ft. oblong canvas, with poles, ropes, etc., and a set of circus seats.

THE PULLMAN BROTHERS are organizing a circus and menagerie for the coming season.

FORD J. POSTLE, circus advertiser, is agent for and advertising Frank Uffner's Midgets.

BARNUM'S TATOOED MAN and other human curiosities closed in Boston Feb. 17.

A CARD from James Melville, published in another column, states that the report that he and his family are engaged for the coming season is not true. The only member of the family under contract is Frank, who travels with the London Circus. George Melville is now on his way from Europe, and, with his father, can be negotiated with for the season of 1877. They have their own horses.

A RHINOCEROS with two horns, one very large horned horse, a monster Bengal tiger, and two leopards were shipped to California for Montgomery Queen's Circus and Menagerie Feb. 15, per steamship Colon.

JOHN O'BRIEN'S show will travel in the Eastern States, exhibiting at twenty-five cents.

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Chronicle of Important Theatrical Events for the Year 1876

Sporting Chronology for 1876.

Baseball—The Season of 1876, Giving the Players' Averages and Record of Model Games.

A List of Theatres Destroyed by Fire.

Astronomical.

Calculations of Eclipses, the Four Seasons, Morning and Evening Stars, Chronological Cycles, Movable Festivals, etc., Planets, Apparent and Mean Time, Rise and Fall of Tide.

Racing Calendar.

Winners of the Derby since 1822, Oxford and Cambridge Eight-oared Boat-race since 1839, English Championship for Professional Oarsmen.

Illustrations.

FRONTISPIECE.
THE MILL OF DEVERS.
THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.
THE DANCING GIRL.
THE MAD POET'S GRAVE IN GREENWOOD.
THE CHASE IN OLD GAUL.
THE RAW MATERIAL—"MY ONLY COMIC SONG."
THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.
OUR ART STUDIES—No. 1, MUSIC; No. 2, TRAGEDY; No. 3, COMEDY.
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THE INFANT PRODIGY.
FALLSTAFF REDUCED.
AREA OF UNITED STATES AND TERRITORIES.
BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE, AND PARODY ON —Poems.
BASEBALL—THE SEASON OF 1876.
CALENDARS.
CALENDAR, EXPLANATION OF
CHRONOLOGISTS' THEORIES OF DATE OF CREATION.
CALENDAR FOR ALL TIME.
CALLBOY'S TREAT, THE
CRIME OF A CLOWN, THE: Advance Agent Story
CHASE IN OLD GAUL, THE
DANCING GIRLS, THE—Poem.
FRENCH DYNASTIES AND SOVEREIGNS.
KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.
LIGHTNING SALVE.
LOCUST YEAR.
MILL OF DEVERS, THE—Poem.
MONUMENT TO McDONALD CLARKE, THE MAD POET.
MISER'S HAND, THE; A TRADITION OF ITALY.
MAIL TIME, ETC., TO PROMINENT CITIES.
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RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.
RAILWAYS, STATISTICS OF
STATISTICS OF POPULATION.
SIMPLE MODE OF COMPUTING INTEREST.
SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.
SOVEREIGNS OF SCOTLAND.
SEASONS IN AUSTRALIA.
THEOPHILUS BROWN. A Legend of Printing-house Square—Poem.
TUMBLETTY'S BAND—A Reminiscence of the Early Days of Minstrelsy.
USEFUL RULES FOR THE BAROMETER.
WEIGHTS AND MEASURES, TABLE OF

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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MISS MINNIE, PREMIERE BAREBACK EQUESTRIENNE; MISS SALLIE AND MASTER WILLIE, HIRAM MARKS, CLOWN OR RINGMASTER, can be engaged for the approaching tenting season by addressing HIRAM MARKS, 51 Bremen st., Cincinnati, O.
A splendid hurdle-mare for sale. 47-tf

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THEATRE COMIQUE,
St. Louis, Jan. 28, two weeks.
RE-ENGAGED FOR ONE WEEK LONGER.
RETURNS TO METROPOLITAN,
Indianapolis, Feb. 25, for two weeks.
HEUCK'S HALL,
Cincinnati, March 12, two weeks.
ADELPHI THEATRE,
Chicago, March 26, two weeks.
THEATRE COMIQUE,
47-2t* Cleveland, April 9, two weeks.

THOS. K. WARD,

THE HAPPY OLD MAN
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Address CARE CLIPPER OFFICE. 47-2t*

BEETHOVEN HALL,
WASHINGTON ST., OPPOSITE GLOBE THEATRE, BOSTON.
to let by the night or week to first-class combinations. It is well stocked with scenery, and furnished with every convenience for dramatic or musical entertainments, and has a seating capacity of 1,500. Managers or agents desiring dates address J. J. HALEY, Proprietor,
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NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS

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THE TRIBUTES OF THE PRESS of the Great Northwest have been endorsed and re-echoed by the entire journalistic fraternity of the Southern States, who,

WITHOUT EXCEPTION AND WITHOUT RESERVE,

have united in recognizing and conceding to the N. O. Minstrels the proud title of the

REPRESENTATIVE MINSTREL SHOW OF THE SOUTH.

A SHORT SAMPLE FROM THE SAVANNAH, GA., DAILY NEWS:

FIRST DAY.

The theatre last evening was literally packed and jammed, the parquet, dress-circle, and galleries presenting a sea of human faces. The occasion of this outpouring of people was the first appearance in Savannah of Haverly's New Orleans Minstrel Company. The entertainment was, in every respect, worthy the audience, for we can truly say that no superior minstrel company has visited Savannah since the close of the war. The audience were not bored by having to listen to stale jokes and see repeated familiar scenes. Everything was fresh, sparkling, and new, and from the commencement to the close of the performance the house was kept in most pleasurable excitement.

The performance had a happy finale in one of the most ludicrous and side-splitting extravaganzas we have ever witnessed, and the audience, after a most enjoyable evening, separated in the best possible humor.

SECOND DAY.

The New Orleans Minstrel Company had a large matinee yesterday afternoon, and gave their farewell performance last night to a fine house, when an entirely new programme was presented. We think we speak the opinion of all who have witnessed the performances of this troupe when we say that it is one of the very best that have appeared in Savannah for years. The various members are *au fait* in their respective lines, and the entertainment as given is lively, novel, and full well worthy the patronage of the amusement public.

Colonel Wm. Foote Jr., the manager, is a veteran, and knows exactly what will please the public, and with his incomparable partner, Jack Haverly, has organized a company in the present band that will stand the test of criticism anywhere. Mr. Robinson, the agent, is a clever gentleman, and we commend him to our confreres. The company leave this afternoon for Jacksonville, where they will appear to-morrow night, and we bespeak for them crowded houses.

AT JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA,

the N. O. M. were greeted by the two largest houses ever known in the State, both nights being remarkable by the audience being almost entirely composed of parties world-famous as

THE ELITE OF AMERICAN SOCIETY,

and such as only assemble at this beautiful locality. The verdict was unanimous that the N. O. M. far eclipsed all predecessors, and the entertainments presented were

ARTISTIC, REFINED, AND PERFECTLY CHASTE.

NOTICE TO PERFORMERS.—Owing to expiration of contracted engagements, there will be several vacancies in the N. O. M. about May 1st. Performers of established ability, and who appreciate the benefit of permanent situations, promptly paid salaries, liberal treatment, and who are disposed to render full equivalent and undivided service for a reasonable compensation, may address

48-1t **WM. FOOTE Jr., Manager N. O. M.,** NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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TAUGHT BY MAIL BY

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CHAMPION BANJOIST OF THE WORLD, and inventor of the simple method. 2,000 tunes now ready. Send for printed catalogue. A sample tune with full explanations, only 5cts. and a 3ct. stamp. A complete diagram of the banjo, explaining how to tune, finger, hold and play the banjo, 5cts. extra. The most unmusical can play the banjo by this method at sight, without the aid of a teacher. Best strings, 60cts. a set. **GREAT REDUCTION.**

Silver-rim Banjos, $10, $15, $20 and $25. Rosewood, $8, $10, $15, $20 and $25. Silver-rim Tambourines, $5. Guitars from $5 to $50. Bones, 75c., $1, and $1.50 per set. 16in. Banjo calfskin head, $1; 14in., 70c. Comic Banjo songs, written to order on any subject, $2 each. CHARLES E. DOBSON, 260 Bowery, N. Y.

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LIVING CURIOSITIES
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JOHN ROBINSON'S GREAT SHOW,
to travel with the sideshow of Robert Stickney during the season of 1877.
I would like to hear from the Wild Australian Children, the Wild Men of Borneo, the Aztec Children, and all other DESIRABLE CURIOSITIES. Address
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This new and beautiful AMUSEMENT HALL is provided with all modern improvements, artistic scenery, elegant drop-curtain, and complete stage appointments. The location is especially desirable, being central, both as to business and population. All the street-car lines of the city that do not pass the hall are within one minute's walk of it.
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"My Jersey Queen," song-and-dance, F. B. Bishop; "Little Rosebud," song-and-chorus, H. Brockway; "Magician Guards," March, song-and-chorus, W. H. Brockway; "Little German Home Across the Sea," song-and-chorus, Charley Collins; Gus Williams' "Dutch Boarding-houses," "My Wife is Awfully Stout,"